

11602 aa.26

T H E
Ever Green,
B E I N G A
COLLECTION
O F
S C O T S P O E M S,

Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600.

V O L. II.

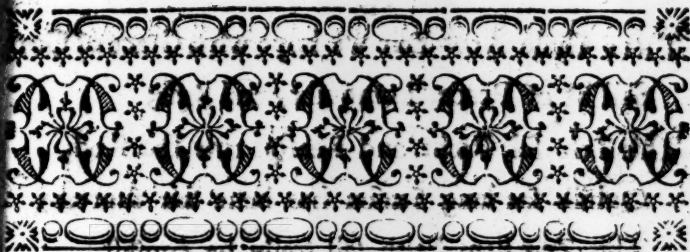
*Quha dar presume thir Poetis to impung,
Quhais Sentence sweit throw ALBION bin sung.*
S^r. D. LINDSAY.



E D I N B U R G H, .

Printed by Mr. THOMAS RUDDIMAN for ALLAN
RAMSAY. M.DCC.XXIV.





A
New Yeir Gift

To Queen MART, when she came
first Hame, 1562.

I.



ELcum, illustrat Lady, and our Quene

Welcum our Lyone with the Floure-
de-Lyce;

Welcum our Thistle with the Lo-
rane Grene;

Welcum our Rubent Rose upon the Ryce,

Welcum our Jem, and joyfull Gentryce;

Welcum our Beil of ALBION to beir;

Welcum our plesand Princes maist of Pryce,

GOD give you Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

¶ 2

II. THIS

A New Zeir Gift

II.

THIS Gude New Zeir we hope with Grace of God,
 Sall be of Peace, Tranquility and Rest;
 This Zeir sal Richt and Reason rule the Rod,
 Quhilk fae lang Season has bene fair suprest;
 This Zeir firm Faith sall freily be confest,
 And all eronious Questions put arreir
 To labour that this Lyfe amang us left,
 GOD give zou Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

III.

HEIRFORE address thee duely to decore,
 And rule thy Regne with hie Magnificence;
 Begin at GOD to gar set forth his Glore,
 And of his Gospel get Experience;
 Cause his true Kirk be had in Reverence,
 So sall thy Name and Fame spreid far and neir,
 Now this thy Det to do with Diligence,
 GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

IV.

FOUND on the first four Vertues cardinall,
 On Wisdom, Justice, Force and Temperance,
 Aplaud to prudent folk, and principall
 Of verteous Lyfe, thy Worship to advance:

to *Queen MARY.*

5

Wey Justice equal without Discrepance,
f God, Strengthen thy State, with Stedfastness to steir,
To temper Tyme with true Continuance,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

V.

CAST thy Consfate by Council of the Sage,
And cleave to Chryst has kept thee weil in Cure,
Attingent now to twenty Zeirs of Age,
Preservand thee from all Misaventure.

Wald thou be served and thy Countrie sure,
Still on the Common-weil haif Eye and Eir,
Presis ay to be Protectrix of the Pure,
Sae God fall gyde thy Grace this gude new Zeir.

VI.

GAR stanche all Stryfe, and stable thy Estates,
In Constance, Concord, Charity and Luve:
Be bisly now to banish all Debates,
That twixt Kirk-men and tempral Men dois muve,
The pulling down of Policy reprove,
And let perverfed Prelates live perquier,
To do the best beseikand God abuve,
To give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

VII.

A T Crofs gar cry be opin Proclamation,
 Undir grit Pains, that nowther he nor scho
 Of haly Writ have ony Disputation,
 But letterd Men or learned Clerks thereto;
 For Lymmer Lads and little Lasses lo,
 Will argue baith with Bishop, Preist and Freir:
 To danton this thou has enouch to do,
 G O D give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

VIII.

B U T wyte the wickit Pastors wald not mend
 Their vicious Living, all the World prescryves;
 They tuke nae tent their Traik sould turn till end,
 They were sae proud of their Prerogatyves,
 For wantones they wald not marrie Wyves,
 Nor zit live chaste, but chop and change their Cheir;
 Now to reform their lecherous leud Lyves,
 G O D give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

IX.

T H E Y brocht thair Bastards with the Skraife they skraip
 To blande their Blade with Barrons by Ambition,
 They purchest pithless Pardons frae the Paip,
 To cause fond Fuils confyde he hes Fruition,

As

To Queen MARY.

7

As God, to give for Sins a full Remission,
And Sauls to saif from suffering Sorrow seir :
To set asyde sic Sort of Superstition,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

X.

THEY Benifice and Pention tint that marriert;
On Frydays quha eit Flesh was fyr-fangt;
It made nae Mifs quhat Maydens they miscarriert,
On Fasting Days, they were not brunt or hangt.
Licence for Lechry frae their Lord belangt,
To give Indulgence as the Deil did leir,
To mend that Menzie has sae mony mangt,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XI.

THEY lute the Leiges pray to Stocks and Stanes,
And paintit Papers, wats nocht quhat they mein:
They bad them beck and bing to deid Mens Banes,
Offer on Kneis to kifs, syne saif their Kin,
Pilgrims and Palmers past with them between,
Sanct Blais, Sanct Boit, blare Bodies Ene to bleir;
Now to forbid this grit Abuse hes bene,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XII.

THEY tyart GOD with Trifles tune and Trantals,
 And deivd him with their daft and daylie Dargeis,
 With owklike Abits to augment their Rentals,
 Mantand, Mort, Mumbelings, mixt with mony Lies.
 Sic Sanctitude was Sathans Sorceries,
 Chryfts filly Sheip and sobir Flock to smeir,
 To ceife all findrie Sects of Herefies,
 GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XIII.

WITH Mefs and Martins nae ways will I mell,
 To juge them justly passes my Ingyne,
 They gyde not ill that governs weil themfell,
 And honeftly on Lawtie lays their Lyne,
 Doubts to discus, for Doctors are divyne,
 Cunning in Clergie to declair them cleir:
 To order this the Office now is thyne,
 GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XIV.

As Beis tak Wax and Honey of the Floure,
 So dois the Faithful of GOD's Word tak Fruit,
 As Wasps receive frae aft the same but four,
 Sac Reprobates the Scripture dois rebute.

to Queen MART.

Words without Warks availeth not a Cure,
To feis thy Subjects fae in Luve and Feir,
That Richt and Reason in thy Realm may rute,
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XV.

THE Epistles and Evangells now are Preicht,
Bot Sophestrie or Ceremonys vain;
Thy People, maist Part, truely now are teicht
To put away Idolatrie prophane,
But in sum Hearts is graven new again,
An Image callit cursd Covetice of Geir,
Now to expell that Idol stands up plain,
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XVI.

FOR Sum are sene at Sermons sum sa haly,
Singand Sanct *David's* Psalter on their Buiks,
And are but Biblists fairfing full their Belly,
Backbytand Nybours noying them in Nuiks,
Ruggand and reivand up Kirk Rents lyke Rukes;
Lyke very Wasps against GOD's Word mak Weir;
Now sic Christians to kifs with Chanters Kuiks
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XVII. DEWTIE

XVII.

DEWTIE and Detts are driven by Doubleness,
 And Folks are flemit frae zung Faith Professors,
 The greatest ay the greidyar I gess,
 To plant quhere Preists and Parsons were Possessors,
 Teinds are uptane by Testament Transgressors,
 Credence is past of Promise thocht they sweir,
 To punish Palmers, and reproach Oppressors,
 GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XVIII.

PUIR Folk ar famist with their Fassions new,
 They fail for Salt that had before at fouth,
 Leil Labourers lament and Tennants trew,
 That they ar hurt and herriet North and South :
 The Heidsmen have *Cor mundum* in their Mouth,
 But nevir mynd to give the Man his Meir,
 To quench thir quent Calamities so cowth,
 GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XIX.

PROTESTANDS tak the Friers auld Antetewme,
 Ready Refavers, but to render nocht,
 So Lairds uplift Mens Leiving, ower thy Rewme,
 And are richt crabit quhen they crave them ocht.

Be they unpaid, thy Pursevants are socht,
To pund pure Commons Corn and Cattle keir,
To vissy all thir wrangous Warks are wrocht,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XX.

PAUL bids nane deal with Thing Idolatheit,
Nor quhair Hypocrasie hes bene comittit;
But Kirk-mens cursed Substance aft seims sweit,
Till Land-men that with leud Bird Lyme are lyttit,
Gif thou persave sum Senzior it has smittit,
Solist them fastly not to perseveir;

Hurt not their Honour, tho thy Hieness wit it,
But graciously forgive them this new Zeir.

XXI.

FORGIVNES grant with Gladness and Gude-will,
Gratis to all into your Parliament,

Syne stabliss Statutes, stedfast to stand still,
That Barone, Clerk and Burges be content,
Thy Nobles, Baris, and Lords in consequent,
Treit tender to obtain their Hearts intair,

That they may serve, and be obedient
Unto thy Grace this new and mony a Zeir.

XXII. SEN

XXII.

SEN fae thou fits in Seat superlative,
 Cause every State to their Vocation go,
 Scolastick Men the Scriptures to discryve,
 And Majestrates to use their Sword also,
 Merchands to trade and trafick to and fro,
 Mechanicks Work, Husbands to saw and Sheir,
 So fall be Wealth and Weifare without Woe,
 Be Grace of God agains this gude new Zeir.

XXIII.

LET all thy Realme be now in Readyness,
 With costly cleathing to decore thy Corfs,
 Zung Gentlemen for dauncing them address,
 With courtlie Ladys coupled in Conforfs,
 Frak feirce Gallands the Feild Games to enforfs,
 Enarmed Knychts at Lifts with Scheild and Speir,
 To feicht in Barrows baith on Fute and Horfs,
 Agane thy Grace get a Gude-man this Zeir.

XXIV. THIS

XXIV.

THIS Zeir fall be Embassies heir belyve,
 For Marriage, from great Princes, Dukes and Kings;
 This Zeir within thy Region fall arise
 Rowts of the Rankest that in *Europe* rings;
 This Zeir baith Blythness and Aboundance brings,
 Navies of Schips outhrow the Sea to sneir,
 With Riches, Rayments and all Royal Things,
 Agane thy Grace get a Gude-man this Zeir:

XXV.

GIF Saws be suthie to schaw thy Celsitude,
 Quhat Bairn sould bruke all *Britain* be the Sie,
 The Prophecie expresly dois conclude,
 The *French* Wyfe of the BRUCEs Blude sould be,
 Thou art the Lyne frae him the Nynth Degree,
 And was King *Francis* Partie maik and Peir.
 Sae by Descent the same sould spring of thee,
 By Grace of GOD agane this gude new Yeir.

XXVI. Now

Gif Saws be suthie. By this Verse it appears that the Prophecy of JAMES the VI. succeeding to the Crown of *England*, and being the first King of *Great Britain*, was not as some would alledge, made after his Accession; this Poem being wrote in 1562, some Years before his Birth.

XXVI.

Now to conclude, on Chryst cast thy comfort,
 And cherish them that thou has under Charge,
 Suppose maist sure he sall send thee support,
 And len the lusty Liberos at large,
 Believe that Lord can Harbary so thy Bainge,
 To mak braid *Britain* blyth as Bird on Brier,
 And thee extol with his triumphand Targe,
 Victoriously again this gude new Zeir.

L' Envoy.

XXVII.

PRUDENT, maist gent, tak tent, and prent the Words,
 Intill this Bill, with Will, them still, to face,
 Quhilk ar, not skar, to bar, on far, frae Baurds,
 But seal, bot seal, may heal, avel thy Grace,
 Sen lo, thou show, this to, now do, has Place,
 Receive and saif, and haif, ingrave it heir,
 This now, for Prow, that you, sweit Dow, may brace
 Lang Space, with Grace, solace, and Peace this Zeir.

L E C T O R I.

XXVIII.

FRESH, fulgent, flurist, fragrant, Flower formose,
 Lantern to Luve, of Ladys Lamp and Lot,
 Cherry, maist chaste, cheif Carbuncle and Choise,
 Sweit smyling Sovraign shining bot a Spot,

Blest

to his Heart.

15

Blest, beautiful, benygn, and best begot,
To this Indyte please to inclyne thine Eir,
Sent be thy simple Servant *Sanders Scot*,
Greiting great GOD to grant thy Grace gude Zeir.

Quod ALEX. SCOT.

To his H E A R T.

I.

RETURN Hamewart my Heart again,
And byde quhair thou was wont to be;
Thou art a Fule to suffer Pain,
For Luve of her that lues not thee;
My Heart let be sic Fantesie,
Luve nane but quhair thou has gud Cause,
And let hir seik a Heart for thee,
For Feynd a Crum of thee scho saws.

II. To

The Chronology of the Poems contained in this and the former Volume, is not to be expected, some of older date having come to Hand after others, some hundred years later have been printed, besides most of them having no Dates; the endeavouring to place them according to the Order of Time they were wrote in, and Incidents which they related, was judged as useles as it would have proven difficult.

Blest

II.

To quhat Effect sould thou be thrall,
 But thank sen thou has thy free Will;
 My Heart be nocht sae bestial;
 But knaw quha dois thee Gude or Ill;
 At Hame with me then tarry still,
 And se then quha playis best thair Pawis,
 And let the Fillock sling hir fill,
 For Feynd a Crum of thee scho faws.

III.

THOCHT scho be fair I will not fenzie;
 Scho is the Kynd with utheris mae;
 For quhy thair is a Fellon Menzie,
 That seimeth gude, and are not sae:
 My Heart tak nowther Pain nor Wae
 For *Meg*, for *Marjory* or *Marwis*;
 But be thou glad, and let her gae,
 For Feynd a Crum of thee scho faws.

IV.

REMEMBER how that *Medea*
 Wyld for a Sicht of *Jason* zeid;
 Remember how that *Cressida*,
 Left *Troilus* for *Diomede*:

To his Heart.

Remember *Helen*, as we reid,
Brocht *Troy* from Bliss unto bare Waws;
Then let her gae quhair scho may speid,
For Feynd a Crum of thee scho faws.

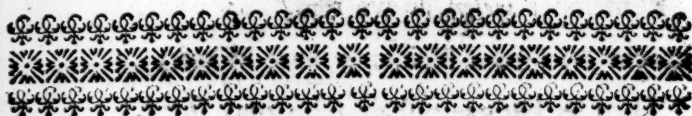
V.

BECAUSE I find scho tuke in ill,
At hir departing mak nae Care;
But all beguyld, go quhair scho will,
A schrew the Heart that mane makes mair;
My Heart be mirry late and air.
This is the final End and Clawse,
And let her feid and fullzie fair,
For Feynd a Crum of thee scho faws.

VI.

NEIR dunt 'again within my Breist,
Neir let hir Slichts thy Courage spill,
Nor gie a Sob abeit scho sneist,
Schois fairest payd that gets hir Will:
Scho gecks as gif I meind her Ill,
Quhen scho glaiks pauchty in hir Braws;
Now let hir snirt, and fyk hir fill,
For Feynd a Crum of thee scho faws.

Quod ALEX.



A Brash of WO'VING.

I.

IN secret Place this hinder Nicht,
I heard a Bairn say till a Bricht,
My Hinny, my Howp, my Heart, my Heil,
I haif been lang zour Luivar leil,
And can of zou get Comfort nane,
How lang will ze with Danger deil?
Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

II.

HIS bony Baird was kemd and cropit;
But all with Kail it was bedropit,
Comich he was, fulish and goukit,
He clapit fast, he kist, he chukit,
As with the Glaicks he were oergane;
Zit be his Feirs he wald have —
Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

III. Quod

III.

QUOD he, my Heart, sweit as the Hinny,
Sen that I born was of my Minny,
I nevir wouit an uther but zou,
My Wame is of your Luve fae fou,
That as a Ghaist I glowr and grane,
I trymil fae ze wadna trow,
Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

IV.

TEHEI, quod scho, and gae a Gawf,
Be still my Cowfyne, and my Cawf,
My new spaind Howphyn frae the Souk,
And all the Blythnefs of my Bouk,
My swanky sweet, saif thee alane,
Nae Leid haif I luivd all this Owk,
Fow leis me on that gracles gane.

V.

QUOD he, my Claver, my Curledody,
My Hinnyfopps, my sweit Possody,
Be not owre bowstrous to your Billy,
Be warm hertit, not illwilly;

A Brash of Wowing.

Zour Hals as whyt as Quhalis Eane,
 Gars rise on Loft my Quilly-lillie,
 Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

VI.

Quod scho, my Clip, my unspaynd Lam,
 With Mithers Milk zit in your Gam,
 My Belly Hudrom, my Hurle Bawfy,
 My Honneyguks, my Siller Tawfy,
 Zour Pleins wad pers a Heart of Stane;
 Tak Comfort, my great headed Gawfy,
 Fou leis me on zour graceless gane.

VII.

Quod he, my Kid, my Capercalzeane,
 My bony Bab with the ruch Brilzeane,
 My tender Girdil, my Wally Gowdy,
 My Tirly Mirly, my Sowdy Mowdy,
 Quhen that our Mouths do meit in ane,
 My Stang dois cork in with your Towdy,
 Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

VIII. Quod

V III.

QUOD scho then tak me be the Hand,
Welcom my Golk of *Maryland*,
My Chirrry and my maikleß Mynzion,
My Sucker sweit as ony Unzeon,
My Strummil Stirk zit new to spane,
I am applyd to your Opinzion,
Fou leis me on that gracles gane.

I X.

HE gaif till hir ane Aple-ruby,
Gramerce, quod scho, my kind Cowhubby,
Synce thay twa till a Play began,
Quhilk that they call the Dirrydan.
Quhile baith thair Fancies met in ane,
O wow! quoth she, quhair will ye Man,
Leil leis me on that gracles gane.

Quod CLERK.





T H E G O L D I N T E R G E.

I.

R ICHT as the Stern of Day began to schyne,
 Quhen gone to Bed was *Vesper* and *Lucyne*,
 I raise, and by a *Roseir* did me rest;
 Upsprang the goldin *Candill* maculyne,
 With cleir depurit *Beims* *Christalyne*,
 Glading the mirry *Fowlis* in thair *Nest*,
 Or *Phebus* was in purple *Kaip* revest;
 Up sprang the *Lark*, the *Hevenis* *Minstral* syne,
 In *May* intill a *Morrow* mirthfullest.

II. FULL

The finding of this Poem amongst the old Manuscripts, gives a great Pleasure, it being particularely quotted by Sir *David Lindsay* in his Prologue to the Complaint of the *Papingo*, where he mentions many of the old Poets. In Commendation of Mr. *Dunbar*, he says,

Or of Dunbar quha Language had at large,

As may be sene into his Goldin Terge.

The Goldin Terge.

23

II.

FULL Angelyk thir Birdis sang thair Hours,
Within thair Courtings grene within thair Bours,
Apperellit quhyte and reid with Blumys sweit,
Enamalit was the Feild with all Collours,
The Perlit Dropis schuke in silver Schours,
Quhyle all in Balm did brench and Levis Fleit,
Depairt frae *Phebus* did *Anrora* greit,
Hir cristal Teirs I saw hing on the Flours,
Quhilk he for Lufe drank all up with his Heit.

III.

FOR Mirth of *May*, with Skippis and with Hopps,
The Birds sang upon the tendir Cropps,
With Curious Nottis as *Venus* Chapell Clarks;
The Roffes reid, now spreiding aff thair Knopps,
Wer powderit full bricht with hevinly Dropps,
With Rayis reid, lemying as ruby Sparks,
The Skyis rang with Schouting of the Larks,
The Purpure Hevin owre skailt in Silver Sloppe,
Owre gilt the Treis Branchis Leivs and Barks.

IV.

DOWN throwch the Ryfs an River ran, quhois Streims
So lustely upon the lykand Leims,

That all the Laik as Lamp did leim of Licht,
Quhilk schadowit all about with twynkland Gleims,
The Bewis baithit were in secound Beims,

Throw the Reflex of *Phebus* Visage bricht,
On every Syde the Ege raise on hicht:

The Bank was grene, the Sun was full of Beims,
The Streimers cleir as Sternis in frosty Nicht.

V.

THE Cristal Air the Saphier Firmament,
The Ruby Skyes of the reid Orient,

Kest Berial Gleims on Emerant Bewis grene,
The Rosy Garth depaynt and redolent,
With Purpore, Asure, Gold and Gowlis gent,

Arrayit was be Dame *Flora* the Quene,
Sae nobilie that Joy was for to sene,
The Roche against the River resplendant,
As low illuminate the Levis schene.

VI.

QUHAT throw the mirry fowls fast Harmony,
Quhat throw the Rivers Sound that ran me by,
On *Floras* Weid I slepit quhair I lay,
Quhair fune into my dreimand Fantify,
I saw approche agane the Orient Sky,
Ane Schip on sail as blosome on the Spray,
With Mast of Gold, bricht as the Stern of Day,
Quhilk tendit to the Land full lustely,
With swiftest Motion throu a Crystal Bay.

VII.

AWD hard on Burd unto the blumit Meids,
Amangs the Grene Rispies and the Reids,
Aryvit scho quheirfrae annon thair Lands,
Ane hundreth Ladeis lustie intill Weids,
As fresh as Flours that in the *May* upspreids,
In Kirtills grene, withouten Kell or Bands,
Thair shynand Hair hang glitterand on the Strand
Trefis cleir wypit with goldin Threids,
With Pawps qubyte, and Middills small as Wands.

VIII. Dis.

VIII.

DISCRYVE I wald but quha culd weil indyte,
 How all the Flours with all the Lillies quhyt,
 Depaint was bricht, quhilk to the Hevin did gleit
 Nocht *Homer* thou als fair as thou couth wryte,
 For all thy ornat Style the maist perfyte,
 Nor zet, thou *Tullus*, quhais Oratiouns sweit
 In Rethorick did intill Terms fleit,
 Zour aureat Tungs had baith bene all to lyte,
 For to compyle that Paradyce compleit.

IX.

There saw I *Nature*, and als Dame *Venus* Quene,
Aurora fresh, and Lady *Flora* schene,
Juno, *Latona*, and *Proserpina*,
Diane the Goddeffs of Chest and Wods grene,
 My Lady *Clio*, that Help of *Makers* bene,
Thetis se grene and prudent *Minerva*,
 Fair faynt Fortune, and lemand *Lucina*,
 Thir mighty Quenis, with Crownis might be sent,
 With Beims bricht, and blyth as *Lucifera*.

The Goldin Terge.

27

X.

dyte, THAIR saw I *May* of mirthfull Moniths Quene,
nyt, Betwix *Apryl* and *June* her Sisters schene,
lid gleit Within the Garden walkand up and down,
wryte, Quhom of the Fowls resais Gladness bedene,
Scho was full tendir in hir Zeirs Grene;
weit THair saw I Nature give till hir a Goun,
Rich to behald, and, noble of Renown,
te, Of ilka Hew that undir Hevin has bene
Depaynt and braid be gude Proportioun.

XI.

ene, Full lustiely thir Ladyis all in Feir,
Enterit into this Park of maist Pleseir,
Quhair that I lay heilit with Leivs Rank,
e, The mirry Birds blisful of Cheir;
Nature salust methocht in thair Mancir,
And every Blume on Brench and on the Bank,
Openit and spred thair balmy Levis donk,
fene, Full Law inclynand to thair Quene full cleir,
Quhom for thair noble nurising they thank.

XII. SYNE

XII.

STINE to Dame *Flora*, on the samyne Ways,
 They salust and they thank a Thousand Syis,
 And to sweit *Venus* neist, Luvis bony *Quene*,
 They sang Ballatis of Luve, as was the *Gyis*,
 With amorous Nottis maist lusty to devyis,
 As that they had Luve in thair Heartis grene,
 Thair Hony Throtts they openit frae the Splene
 With Warbills sweit they perft the Hevinly Skyis,
 Quhyle loud resount the Firmament serene.

XIII.

ANE uther Court thair saw I subsequent,
Cupid the King, with Bow in Hand ay bent,
 And dreidfull Arrows grundin sherp and squhair,
 Thair saw I *Mars* the God armipotent,
 Awful and stern, braid, strong and corpulent.
 Thair saw I crabit *Saturn* auld and Hair,
 His Luke was lyke for to perturb the Air.
 Thair was *Mercurius*, wyse and eloquent
 Of Rethorick that fand the Flouris sae fair.

XIV. THAIR

XIV.

THAIR was the God of Gardens *Priapus*,
Thair was the God of Wildernes *Phanus*,
And *Janus* God of Entries delectable.
Thair was the God of Oceans *Neptunus* :
Thair was the God of Winds bauld *Eolus*,
With variand Blasts lyke to an Lord unstable;
Thair was blyth *Bachus* glader of the Table;
Thair *Pluto* was, that elritch *Incubus*,
In Cloke of Grene, his Court was clade in Sable;

XV.

AND every ane of thir in grene arrayt,
In Harp and Lute full mirreyly they playt;
And Ballats sang with mighty Nottes cleir:
Ladys to daunce full sobirly affyit,
Andlang the trotting River so they mayit;
Thair Observance richt hevinly was to heir;
Then crap I throw the Brenches and drew neir,
Quhair that I was richt suddenly affrayit,
All throw a Luke that I haif cost full deir.

XVI. AND

XVI.

AND schortlie for to speik, by Luves fair *Queen*
 I was espyit, scho bad hir Archers kene
 Go me areist; and they nae Tyme delayit;
 Then Ladies fair hute fall thair Mantils grene,
 With Bowis big, in trassit Hairs schene,
 Richt suddenly they had a Feild arrayit;
 And zit richt gritly was I nocht affrayit:
 The Party was fae plesand to be sene,
 A Wondir lusty Bikar me assayit.

XVII.

AND first of all with Bow in Hand ay bent,
 Came Bewty's *Dame* richt as scho wald me schen
 Syne followit all her Damofells in Feir,
 With mony divers awfull Instrument,
 Into the preifs fair *Having* with hir went,
 Syne *Portrator*, *Plesance* and lusty *Cheir*,
 Then *Resoun* came with SCHEILD of GOLD so cle
 In Plait of Mail as *Mars* armipotent,
 Defendit me that noble Chevalier.

XVIII. S

XVIII.

Quene tendir *Zouth* came with hir Virgins zing,
Gone *Innocence* and *schamesfull Abasing*,
And quaking *Dreid*, with humblyl *Obedience*,
THE GOLDIN TERGE it armit them naithing,
Courage in them was nocht begun to spring;
Full sure they dreid to do a Violence:
Sweet *Wemanheid* I saw come in Presence,
A Warld of *Artelzie* scho did in bring,
And servit Ladyis full of Reverence.

XIX.

ent, Scho with hir led *Nurtour* and *Lawlieness*,
e schen *continuance*, *Pacience*, *gude Fame* and *Stedfastness*,
Discretion, *Gentilness*, *Considderans*,
Useful Company, and honest *Busines*,
Benign Luke, *myld Cheir*, and *Sobirness*,
r, All thir bure *Genzies* to do me *Grivans*;
fo cle That *Refoun* bure the TERGE with sic *Constans*,
Their *scharp Assay* micht do me no *Deirence*,
For all their *Preis* and awful *Ordinans*.

II. S

XX. UNTO

XX.

UNTO the Preiss pursfuit *Hie Degrie,*

Hir followit ay *Eftait* and *Dignitee,*

Comparifon, Honour and *nobill Array,*

Will, Wantonefs, Renown and *Libertie,*

Riches and *Fredome* and *Nobility;*

Wit ze they did thair Banner hie Display.

A Clud of Flanes lyke Hail-fchot lowfit they,

And fchot till wastit was thair Artelzie,

Syne went abak rebutit of the Prey.

XXI.

QUHEN *Venus* had perfavit this Rebute,

Scho bad *Dissembance* gae mak a *Perfute*

With all her Power to prefs the GOLDIN TER

And fcho that was of *Doublenefs* the Rute,

Askit hir *Choifs* of Archers in Refute:

Venus the beft bad hir to wale at lerge;

Scho tuke *Presence* plicht Anker of the Berge;

And Fair *Calling* that weil a Flane can fchute,

And *Cheriffing* for to compleit hir Charge.

XXII. DA

XXII.

DAME *Hameline's* scho tuke in Company,
That hardy was and heynd in Archery,
And brocht in *Bewtie* to the Feild again,
With all the Choise of *Venus* Chevelly,
They came and bikkart unabaisitly:

The Showris of Arrows rappit on lyke Rain,
Perrelus Presence, that mony a Syre has flain;
The Battill brocht on Bordour hard me by,
The Assalt was all the fairer Suth to fane.

XXIII.

THICK was the Schot of grundin Arrows kene,
But *Ressoun* with the GOLDIN SCHEILD fac schene,
Weirly deffendit quhoseir assayit;
The awfull Schower he manly did sustene,
Till *Presence* kest a Powdir in his Ene,
And then as drukken Man he all forwayit,
Quhen he wes blind, the Fule with him they playit;
And bannist him amang the Bewis Grene;
That Sicht fac fair me suddenly affrayit.

XXIV.

THEN was I woundit, till the Deth full neir,
 And zoldin as ane woefull Prisoneir
 To Lady *Bewtie*, in a Moments Space,
 Methocht scho seimit lustyer of Cheir,
 Astir that *Reffoun* had tynt his Ene cleir,
 Than of befoir, and lovarly of Face;
 Quhy was thou blindit, *Reffoun*? quhy? allace!
 And gart ane Hell my Paradyce appeir,
 And Mercy seim quhair that I fand nae Grace.

XXV.

DISSIMULANCE was bissly me to assyle,
 And *Fair Calling* did ast upon me smyle,
 And *Cherissing* me fed with Words fair,
Acquittance new embrasit me a quhyle,
 And favourt me, till Men nicht gae a Myle,
 Sync tuke hir Lief, I saw hir nevir mair;
 Then saw I *Denger* towart me repair,
 I couth eschew hir Presence be nae Wyle,
 On Syde scho lukit with a fremit Fare.

XXVI. AND

XXVI.

AND at the last deperting couth hir Dress,
And me delyverit unto *Havyness*,
For to remane, and scho in 'Cure me tuke;
Be this the Lord of Winds with fell Wodness,
God *Eolus* his Bougill blew, I gess,
That with the Blast the Aiks in Forest schuke,
And suddenlie in the Space of a Luke,
All was hyne went, ther was but Wilderness,
Ther was nae mair but Bird and Bank and Bruke.

XXVII.

IN twynckling of an Ec to Schip they went,
And swift up Sail unto the Tap they stent,
And with swift Course out owre the Flude they brak;
They fytit thair Guns with Powdir violent,
Till that the Reik raise to the Firmament,
The Rochis all resoundit with the Rak,
For Reird it semit that the Rain-brow brak;
With Spreit affrayit upon my Feit I sprent
Amangs the Clewis, sae cairfull was the Crak.

AND as I did awake off this Swowning,
 The joyfull Minstralls mirryly did sing,
 For Mirth of *Phebus* tendir Beims schene;
 Sweit wer the Vapouris, fast the Morrowing,
 Hailsum the Vail, depaynt with Flowirs zing,
 The Air atemperit, sobir and amene;
 In quhyte and reid was all the Eard besene,
 Throw Natures nobill fresch enamaling,
 In mirthfull *May*, of every Moneth Quene.

O reverend * *Chawser*, Rose of Rethouris all,
 As in our Tounge the Flowir imperiall,
 That evir raise in *Brittane*, quha reids richt,
 Thou beirs of Makars the Triumphs ryall,
 The fresch enamallit Termes celestiall;
 This Matter thou couth haif ilumint bricht,
 Was thou not of our *Inglis* all the Licht?
 Surmounting every Tounge terrestriall,
 As far as *Mayis* fair Morning dois Midnight.

* This Panygyrick on *Chawser*, as 'tis perfectly generous and handsome from a *Scots* Poet, it likewise shews that the Lowland *Scots* Language and the *English* at that Time were the same.

XXX.

O morale Gower and Lidgate laureat,
Zour suggurat Toungs and Lipps aureat
Bene till our Eirs Cause of grit Delyte;
Zour Mouths angelick, maist mellifluat,
Our rude Language hes cleir ilumynat,
And has owre-gilt our Speich, that imperfyte
Stude, or zour goldin Pens did schupe to wryt,
This Yle befoir was bair and disolate
Of Rethorick, or lusty fair indyte.

XXXI.

Trow litle Quair be evir obedient,
Mumbyl, subject, and semple of Intent,
Befoir the Face of every cunning Wicht,
I knaw quhat thou of Rethorick has spent,
Of hir maist lyftie Roses redolent
Is nane into thy Garland set on Hicht;
O Schame thairfor, and draw the out of Sicht:
Rude is thy Weid, bare, destitute and rent,
Weil aucht thou be affeirit of the Licht.

Quod DUNBAR.



Lorges, lorges, lorges ay,
Lorges of this new Zeirs Day.

I.

FIRST Lorges of the King my Cheif,
Quhilk came as queitly as ane Theif,
And in my Hand slaid Schillings twae,
To put his Lergnes to the Preif,
For Lorges of this new Zeir Day.

II.

SYNE Lorges of my Lord Chancelar,
Quhen I to him ane Ballat bare,
He sonziet not, nor said me nay,
But gaif me quhyle I wald had mair,
For Lorges of this new Zeir Day.

III.

OF Gallaway the Bischop new,
Forth of my Hand ane Ballat drew,
And me delivert bot Delay,
A fair Hacknay bot Hyd or Hew,
For Lorges of this new Zeir Day.

IV. A

Lorges, lerges, &c.

39

IV.

AND syne of *Croce* the Abbot zing,
I did to him ane Ballat bring;

But or I past a Pice him frae,
I gat nae less than Deil a thing,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

V.

THE Secretar baith war and wyse,
Hecht me a Cast of his Office;

And for to reid my Bill alsway,
He said for him that nicht suffice,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

VI.

THE Treasurer and Comptrollair,
They bad me cum I wait not quhair,
And they wald gar, I wait not quhae,
Gife me, I wait not quhat, full fair,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

VII.

Now *Lorges* of my Lordis all
Baith temporall State and spirituall,
My self sall evir sing and say,
I haif them fund sae liberall
Of *Lerges* on this new Zeir Day.

VIII.

FOUL fa this Frost that is fae snell,
 It hes the Wyt, the Trewth to tell,
 Baith Hands and Purfs it binds up fae,
 They may gife naithing bye themsell,
 For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

IX.

NOW *Lerges* of my Lord *Bothwell*,
 The quhilk in Fredome did excell;
 He gaif to me a Cursfour gray
 Worth all this Sort, that I with Mell,
 For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

X.

GRIT GOD releif *Margaret* our Quene,
 For gif scho wer as scho hes bene,
 Scho wald be lergier of Luf-ray
 Than all the laif that I of men,
 For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

Quod STEWART.

Dumbar



DUMBARS DREGY;

*Made to K. JAMES V. being
in Stiryling.*

WE that ar heir in Heavens Glory,
To zou that ar in Purgatory,
Commends us on our hearty Ways,
I mene we Folk in Paradyce,
In *Edinbrugh* with all Mirryness,
To zou in *Stiryling* in Distress,
Quhair nowther Pleasance nor Delyt is,
Thus pittying ane Apostle wryts.

O ze Hermits and Hankerfaidlis,
That tak zour Penance at zour Tables,
And eit nae Meit restorative,
Nor drink the Wyne comfortative,
T. But Ale that is baith thin and small,
With but few Courses in zour Hall,

rs

Bot

Bot Company of Lords or Knychts,
 Or ony uther guidly Wichtis,
 Solitar walkand zour alane,
 Seing naething but Stock or Stane
 Out of zour painfull Purgatory,
 To bring zou to the Bless of Glory:
 Of *Edinbrugh* the mirry Toun
 We sall begin a carefull Soun,
 Ane Dregy kynd, devout and meik,
 The Blest abune we sall beseik
 Zou to delyvir out of zour Noy,
 And bring zou sune to *Edinbrughs* Joy,
 Thair to be mirry amang zour Freins,
 And sae the Dregy thus begins.

LECTIO I.

THE * * *

The mirthfull *Mary*, Virgin chaste;
 Of Angels all the Orders nyne,
 And all the heavenly Court divyne,
 Supe bring ze frae the Pyne and Wae
 Of *Stirling*, ilka Court Mans Fae,

Again to *Edinbrughs* Joy and Blifs,
 Our Worschip, Wealth and Weifair is,
 Play, Pleasance, and eik Honesty,
 Say ze *Amen*, for Charity.

Responsio, tu autem Domine.

TAK Consolation in zour Pain,
 In Tribulation, tak Consolation,
 Out of Vexation cum hame again;
 Tak Consolation in zour Pain;

Jube Dom. benedicite.

Out of Distress of *Stirling* Toun
 To *Edinbrugh* blefs GOD mak ze boun.

LECTIO II.

PATRIARCHS, Prophets and Apostles deir,
 Virgins, Confessouris, Martyris cleir,
 And all the Seat celestiall,
 Devoutly we upon them call,
 That fume out of zour Pains fell,
 Ze may in Heaven heir with us dwell,

To

To eat Cran, Pertrick, Swan and Pliver,
 And every Fisch that swyms in River,
 To drink with us the new fresch Wyne
 That grew upon the River Ryne,
 Fresch fragrant Clarits out of France,
 Of Angiers and of Orliance,
 With mony Comforts of grit Dainty,
 Say ze Amen, for Charity.

Responsum, tu autem Dom.

GOD and Sanct Jeil heir zou convoy
 Baith sune and weil, GOD and Sanct Jeil,
 To Sonce and Seil, Solace and Joy,
 GOD and Sanct Jeil heir zou convoy,
 Out of Stirvulings Pains fell,
 In Edinbrugh Joy sune mot ze dwell.

LECTIO III.

WE pray to all the Saints in Heaven,
 That ar abune the Starns seven,
 Zou to bring out of zour Penance,
 That ze may sune sing, play and daunce

In *Edinbrugh* heir, and mak gude Cheir,
Quher Wealth and Weilfare is bot Weir;
And I that do zour Pains discryve
Intend to vissy zou belyve,
In Desart not with zou to dwell,
But as the Angel Saint *Gabriel*
Do's go betwein, frae Heavens Glory,
To them that ar in Purgatory,
San Consolation them to give,
Quhyle they in Tribulation live,
And schaw them, quhen thair Pains ar past,
They fall cum up to Heaven at last;
Hou nane deserves to haif Sweitnes,
That nevir tastit Bitternes;
And therfor hou suld ze consider
Of *Edinbrughs* Bless, quhen zou cum hidder:
But gif ze tastit had befoir
Of *stirling* Toun, the Pains soir,
And therfore tak in Patience
Zour Penance and zour Abstinence,
And ze fall cum or *Zule* begin
In the Bless that we ar in;

Quhilk

Quhilk grant we pray to all on Hy,
Say ze *Amen*, for Charity.

Respons. tu autem Dom.

Cum hame and dwell nae mair in *Stirvling*,
Frae hydious Hell cum hame and dwell,
Quhair Fisch to sell ar nane but *Spirrling*,
Cum hame and dwell nae mair in *Stirvling*.

ET ne nos inducas in temptationem de Stirvling
Sed libera nos à malo illius.

Regiam Edinburgi dona iis, Domine,
Et lux ipsas luceat iis;

A porta triflicia de Stirvling,

Orna, Domine, animas eorum:

Credo gustare statim vinum Edinburgi,

In villa Vinentium,

Requiescant Edinburgi. Amen.

DEUS, qui justos in corde humiles

Ex omnium eorum tribulatione liberare dignatus

Libera famulos tuos apud villam Stirling versantes

A pœnis & tristitiis ejusdem,

Et ad Edinburgi gaudia eos perducas;

Ut requiescat Striviling. Amen.

*The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie
Hereafter follows, jocund and merrie.*

I.

John the Ross, ane Thing ther is compyl'd

In generall, by *Kennedie* and *Quinting*,

Whilk has themselves abune the Sterns styld;

But had they made of Menace ony mynting

In special, then sic Stryfe suld ryse bot stynting:

Howbeit with Boist thair Bosoms wer as bendit

As *Satifer*, quha frae the Heavens descendit;

Hill suld not hyd thair Harnis frae Harms hynting.

II.

Tha Eard suld tremble, Firmament suld schake,

And all the Air invenomt sudden stink,

And all the Deils in Hell for Redour quake

To heir quhat I suld wryte with Pen and Ink;

For gif I flyt, sum Sage for Schame suld sink,

The Se suld burn, the Mune suld tholl Eclips,

Lockes suld ryve, the Warld suld hald nae Grips;

The loud of Care the common Bell suld clink.

III. But

48 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

III.

BUT Wonder laith wer I to be a Baird,
 Flyting to use, for gritly I eschame;
 Sen it is nowther Winning nor Rewaird,
 But Tinsell baith of Honour and of Fame,
 Increase of Sorrow, Sklander and ill Name;
 Zit nicht they be sae bauld in thair Back-bytin
 To gar me ryme and raise the Feynd with Flyt
 And throw ilk Place, and Kinrick them prock

Quod DUNBAR to KENNEDIE

Kennedie to Dunbar.

I.

D IRTEN *Dunbar*, on quhome blaws thou
 Boist?
 Pretendand thee to wryte sic scaldit Skrows,
 Thou raw-moud Rebald, fall down at the Roist;
 My Laureat Liems at thee, and I lows,

Mand

Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie. 49

Mahdrag, Mymmerkin, maid Maister but in Mows;
Thou thryce scheild Trumpir, with a threid-bare
Goun,

Say *Deo* Mercy, or I cry the doun,
And leave thy ryming, Rebald, and thy Rows;

II.

REID, dirtfast Dearch, that thou has disobeyd
My Cousin *Quintine*, and my Commissar,
Antastick Fule, trust weil thou sall be fleyd;
Ignorant Elf, Ape, Owl, irregular,
Skaldit Skaitbird and common Skandclar;
Unsuckit Funnling, that Nature maid an Yrle;
Baith *John* the *Ross* and thou sall squeil and skirle;
If eir I heir ocht of zour making mair.

III.

HERE I put Silence to thie in all Parts,
Obey and cense the Play that thou pretends;
Weak Waly-draig and Werlot of the Carts,
Se sune thou mak my Commissar Amends,



And

50 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

And let him lay sax Leifschis on thy Lends,
Meikly in recompenceing of thy Scorn,

Or thou fall ban the Tymē that thou was born
For *Kennedie* to thee this Schedule sends.

*Quod KENNEDIE unto DUNBAR,
Juge in the nixt quha gat the war.*



Dunbar to Kennedie.

I.

ERSCH brybour Baird, vyle Beggar with thy
Bratts,

Sunt-bittin *Kennedie*, Coward of Kynd,
Ill-fart and dryit, as *Densman* on the Ratts,
Lyke as the Gleds had on thy gule Snow
dynd;

Monster mismaid, ilk Mune out of thy Mynd,
Rebald renounce thy ryming, thou but royis,
Thy trechour Tung has tane a heland Strynd;
A lawland Erse wald mak a better Noyis.

II.

RIVEN, raggit Ruke, and full of Rebaldrie,
Scart Scorpion, scaldit in Scurilitie,
I se the haltane in thy Harlotrie,
And into uther Science nothing flie,
Of every Vertew wyd, as Men may se;
Quyt claim with Clergy, cleik to thee a Club,
Blasphemar Baird, in Brybrie ay to be;
Wisdom and Wit a Wisp frae thee may rub.

III.

DASTARD, thou speirs, Gif I dare with thee fecht?
Ze *Dagone*, dowbart, therof haif thou nae Dout;
Quhair eir we meit therto, my Hand I hecht
To redd thy Rebald ryming with a Rout:
Throw *Britain* braid it fall be blawn about,
Hou that thou, poyfond Pelour, gat thy Paiks'
With a Dog-Leisch, I schepe to gar the schout,
And nowther to thee tak Knyfe, Swerd or Aix.

IV.

THOU Crop and Rute of Traytor treasonable,
Fader and Muder of Morthor and Mischeif,
Deceitfull Tyrand, Serpent tungd, unstable,
Cuckald, Cradoun, Couard and common Thief;
Thou

52 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

Thou purposed anes to undo our Lord and Chief
In *Paistay*, with a Poyson that was fell,

For quhilk Brybour zit fall thou thole a Breif;
Pelor, I fall it prieve on thee my sell.

V.

Tho I wald lie, thy frawart Phisnomy
Dois manifest thy Malice to all Men;
Fy Traytour Theif, fy Glengore Loun, fy, fy,
Fy Feyndlyke Front, far fouler than a Fen,
My Freynds thou hast reprovit with thy Pen,
Traytour thou leis, quhilk I fall on thee preive;
Suppose thy Heid wer armit Tymis ten,
Thou fall recryit, or I thy Crown fall cleive.

VI.

Or thou durst move thy Mynd malicious,
Thou saw the Sail abune my Heid updraw;
But *Eolus* full wid, and *Neptunus*,
Mirk and Munclefs, was met with Wind and Wave,
And mony a hundreth Myles hynd coud us blaw
By *Holand*, *Zetland* and the *Northway* Coast,
In Deserts vast, quhair we wer famist aw,
Zit cum I hame, fals Baird, to lay thy Boast.

VII. THOU

Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie. 53

VII.

THOU callis thee Rethory with thy goldin Lipps ;

Na, glowrand, gapeand Fule, thou art begyld,

Thou art but Glunſchoch with the giltit Hipps,

That for thy Lounrie mony a Leisch has fyld ;

Vain Widdifow, out of thy Wit gane wyld,

Faithly and lowſy, lathand as a Leik,

Sen thou of Worſchip wad ſae fain be ſtyld ;

Mail Sovraign Schir, thy B----s hing throw thy Breik,

VIII.

FOR WORTHIN Fule, of all the Warld Refuſe,

Quhat Ferly is thoct thou rejoyce to flyt ?

Sic Eloquence as they in *Earſry* uſe,

In ſic is ſet thy trawart Appityte ;

Thou has full litle Feil of fair Indyte,

Thaif on me a Pair of *Lowthiane* Hipps,

Sall fairer *Inglis* mak, and mair perfyte,

Than thou can bleber with thy *Carrick* Lipps.

IX.

BETTER thou gains to leid a Dog to skomer,

Pynd Pyck-purſe Pelour, than with thy Maister
pingle ;

Thou lay richt prydes in the Peis this Sommer,

And fain at Evin for to bring hame a Single,

54 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

Syne rubbd it at ane uther auld Wyfis Ingle:
In Winter now for Purthith thou art trakit,
Thou has nae Breiks to let thy Hawlocks gingle;
Gae beg a Club, for Bard thou fall gae nakit.

X.

LEAN, lounger, lowfy, baith in Lisk and Lunzie,
Fy, skowdert Skyn, thou art but Skyre and Skrumple;
For he that rosted *Lawrance* had thy Grunzie,
And he that hid Saint *Johns* Een with a Wimple,
And he that dang Saint *Augustyne* with a Rumpel,
Thy foul Front had he that *Bartilmo* flayd;
The Gallows gapes after thy graceles Gruntle,
As thou wald for a Haggies, hungrey Gled.

XI.

COMERWALD Crawdon, nane compts the a Kerfs,
Sweir swapit, swanky Swyne, Kepar ay for Swats:
Thy Commissar *Quintyne* bids the cum kis his Erfs,
He lykes not sic a forlane Loun of Laits;
He says, Thou skaffs and begs mair Beir and Aits,
Nor ony Cripple in *Carrick* Land about:
Uther pure Beggars thole with thee Debates,
Carlings' decript on *Kennedie* cry out.

XII. MAT.

XII.

MATTER enough I haif, I neid not fenzie,
Thocht thou foul Trumper has upon me lied,
Carrion corrupt, hich fall I cry thy Senzie;
Thinks thou not hou thou came into grit Neid,
Greitand in *Galloway*, lyke *Gallow* Breid,
Damand and rowpand, beggand Ky and Ox,
I saw thee there into thy Watchmans Weid,
Quhilk was not worth a Pair of auld gray Socks.

XIII.

MASCH Katherene with thy Polk, Breik and Rilling,
Thou and thy Quean as greidy Gleds ze gang
With Polks to Mill, and begs baith Meil and Schilling,
Thair is but Lyce and lang Nails zou amang,
Foul Heggerbald, for Hens this will ze hang,
Thou has a perilus Face to play with Lambs;
A Thousand Kids wer they in Falds full strang,
Thy Limmer Luke wald fley them and thair Dams.

XIV.

INTILL a Glen thou has, out of Repair,
A laithly Ludge that was the Lipper Mens,
With thee a Soutars Wyfe of Blifs as bair,
Zc lyke twa Stalkers steils in Cocks and Hens,
Thou

36 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

Thou pluks the Poultry, scho pulls aff the Pens,
 All *Carrick* crys, God gin this Dowf wer drownd;
 And quhen thou heirs a Guse quaik in the Glens,
 Sweiter thou thinkst than Mattins Bell of Sound.

XV.

THOU *Lazarus*, thou laithly lein Tramort,
 To all the Warld thou may Example be,
 To luke upon thy gryslie pitious Port,
 For hydious, how and holkit is thine Ee,
 Thy Cheik bane bair, and blaikint is thy Blie,
 Thy Chop, thy Chol, gars mony Men live chaste,
 Thy Gane it gars us mynd that we maune die;
 I conjure thee, thou hungert hyland Ghaist.

XVI.

THE larbar Lukes of thy lang leineft Craig,
 Thy pure pynd Throple peilt, and out of Ply,
 Thy skoldirt Skin, hewd lyke a Saffron-bag,
 Gars Men dispyt thair Flesch, thou Spreit of Gy:
 Fy! feyndly Front, Fy! Tyks Face, Fy! .O Fy!
 Ay Loungand, lyke a Lock-man on a Ladder;
 Thy ghaistly Luke fleys Folks that pas thee by,
 Lyke a deid Theif thats glowrand in a Tedder.

XVII. Nyst

Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie. 57

XVII.

Wise Nagus, Nipcaik, with thy Schuldern narrow,
Thou lousy lukes, and tume of Lumis Aw,
Hard Hurchcon, hirpland, hippit like an Harrow;
Thy Rig-bane ratles, and thy Ribs on raw,
Thy Hanches hurklis with Hukebanes harth and haw,
Thy laithly Lymms are lein as ony Treis:
Obey, Theif Bard, or I fall brek thy Gaw,
Fool Carrybald, cry Mercy on thy Kneis.

XVIII.

Thou scowry hippit, ugly Averil,
With hurkland Banes, ay howkand throu thy Hyde,
Rakit and crynd, as hangit Man on Hill,
And aft beswakit with an owre hie Tyde,
Quhilk brews richt meikle Barret to thy Bryd,
Hir Care is all to clenge thy Cabroch Hows,
Quhair thou lyes sawfly in Saffron back and Syde,
Powdert with Primrose, swarmand all with Clows.

XIX.

Worlin Wanworth, I warn thee it is written,
Thou skyland Skarth, thou has the Hurle behind,
Wan wraigland Wasp, mae Worms thou has beshten
Than there is Grasse on Ground or Beist on Lind;
Tho

58 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

Tho thou did first sic Folly to me find;
 Thou fall again with mae Witnes than I,
 Thy Gulschoch Gane does on thy Back it bind,
 Thy whostand Hipps let neer thy Hose be dry.

XX.

THOU held the Burch lang with a borrowit Gow,
 And an Caprowfy barkit all with Sweit;
 And quhen the Lads saw thee sae like a Loun,
 They bickert thee with mony a Bac and Bleit,
 Now upland thou lives rife on rubit Quhiet,
 Aft for ane Cause thy Burdclaith neids nae spreddin
 For thou has nowther for to drink or eit,
 But like a berdlefs Bard that had nae Bedding.

XXI.

STRAIT Gibbons Air, that neir owrestrade a Horf
 Blae barefut Bairn, in bare Tyme was thou born
 Thou brings the *Carrik* Clay to *Edinburgh* Cross,
 Upon thy Boetings hobbland hard as Horn,
 Strac Wisps hing out quhair that the Wats ar worn
 Cum thou again to skar us with thy Straes,
 We fall gar skale our Schulis all thee to skorn,
 And stane thee up the Cawfy as thou gaes.

XXII. THE

XXII.

Two Boys of *Edinburgh*, as the Beis out thraws,
And ay crys out, *Heir cumis our arwin quier Clerk* ;
Then fleis thou lyk a Houlat chaist with Craws,
Ouhyle all the Bitches at thy Buitings bark.
Then Carlings cry, Keip Curches in the merk,
On Gallows gapes, lo quhair a graceless gaes:
Neither says, I se him want a Sark,
I woe ye Kimmer tak in your Linning Clais.

XXIII.

Then rins thou down the Gate, with Gild of Boys,
And all the Town-Tykes hingand at thy Heils;
Of Lads and Lowns ther ryfes sic a Noyse,
Ouhyle Wenches rin away with Cards and Quheils,
And Cadgers Avers cast baith Coals and Creils;
Reird of thee, and rattling of thy Butes.
With Wyves cry fy, and cast down Skulls and skeils,
And clashes thee, some clods thee on the Cutes.

XXIV.

Then lyke *Mahoun*, be boun me till obey;
Thief, now in Greif, Mischeif fall betyde,
O Grace, Tyks Face, or I thee chase and fley,
Owl, rair and zoul, I fall defoul thy Pryde;

Peild

60 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

Peild Gled, baith fed, and bred of Bitches Syle
Sae lyke a Tyke, Purspyke, quhat Man sets by the
Forflitten, Sunt-bitten, befh—— barkit Hyde.
Climb Ledder, fyle Tedder, ~~foul~~ Edder, I defy the

XXV.

MAUCH Mutton, byle Buntoun, percht Glutton,
to Hillhouse;

Rank Beggar, Oyfter-dreggar, foul fleggar in
Fleit;

Chitter-lilling, Ruck-rilling, Lick-schilling in
Mill-house:

Bawd Rehator, Thief of Nature, false Trayn
Feynds Get,

Filling of Tauch, Rak fauch, Cry Crauch the
art owrefet;

Mutton Dryver, Girmal Ryver, zad Skyyar foul fa
thee;

Herityck, Lunatyck, Purspyk, Carlines Per,
Rotten Crok, dirten Dok, cry Cok, or I fall quell the



Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie. 61



Kennedies Answer to Dunbar.

I.

OTHANE Deils Son, and Dragon dispytous,

Abirams Birth, and bred with *Beliall*,

and *Werwouf* Worm, and Scorpion vennemous

Lucifers Laid, and foul Feynds Face Infernal;

Thou *Sodomite* seperate frae Saints Celestal;

Put I not Silence to the Shiphird Knave,

Gin thou of new begins to ryme and rave,

Thou sall be made baith blate and bleir Eied Bestial.

II.

Now thy Forbeirs are come, I have a Feil,

Of *Cockburns-Peth*, the Writ makes me awar,

Merit betwixt a scho Beir and a Deil;

Sae he was calld *Deilber* and not *Dunbar* :

This *Deilber* generit of a Meir of *Mar*.

Corspatrick Earl of *Merch*, and be Illusion,

The first that eir pat *Scotland* in Confusion,

Was that false Traytor firmly say I dare.

III. *QUHEN*

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III.

QUHEN BRUCE and *Baliol* differt for the Crowne;
Scots Lords could not obey the *Inglis* Lawes;
This *Corspatrick* betrayed *Berwick* Town,
And slew Seven thousand *Scots* within thae Walls;
The Battle syne of *Spottsmuir* he gart cause,
And came with *Edward Langshanks* to the Field;
Where Twelve thousand true *Scottish* Men
killd,
And *Wallace* chaist, as the *Chronicle* shaws.

IV.

SCOTS Lords and Chiftains he gart hald and Chace;
In *Firmance* fast, till all the Feild was done;
Within *Dumbar* that auld Spelunk of Treason;
Sae *Inglis* Tykes in *Scotland* was abune;
Then spulziet they the Haly Stane of *Scone*;
The Crofs of *Halyroodhouse*, and sic Jewells;
He birns in Hell, Body, Banes and Bowells;
This *Corspatrick* that *Scotland* has undone.

V.

WALLACE gart cry an Counsaile into *Perth*;
And calld *Corspatrick* Traytor be his Style,
But that damnd *Dragon* drew him in *Diserth*;
And said he kend but *Wallace* King in *Rygh*;

Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie. 63

Out of *Dunbar* that Theif he made Exyle,

Unto *Edward* and *Inglis* Ground again :

Serpents and Taidis and Tigers fall remain,

In *Dunbar* Waws, Todis, Woufis and Beiftis vyle.

VI.

The Fowles of Effect, now amange thae Binks,

Biggs nor abydes, for nothing that may be,

Stanes of Treason as the Bruntstane stinks,

Of *Deilbers* Mother casten in the Se.

The Variet Aple of the forbidden Tree,

That *Adam* eit quhen he tint Paradyce,

Scho eit envennom'd like a Cockatryce,

Syne mariet with the Deil for Dignitie.

VII.

Of new Treason I can tell the Tales,

That cumis on Nicht by Vision in my Sleip,

Chbould Dunbar betrayd the House of *Hales*,

Because the zung Lord had *Dunbar* to keip,

Throu that pretendand to their Rowms to creip ;

Richt crewely his Castle he purseuet,

Brought him forth boundin, and the Place re-

skewt,

Set him in Fetters in a Dungeon deip.

VIII. 17

64 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

VIII.

IT were agaisnt baith Nature and gude Reason,
 That *Deilbers* Bairns were true to GOD or Man,
 Quhilk were baith gotten, born and bred in Treason,
Belzebubbs Oys and curst *Corspatricks* Clan.
 Thou was prescryvt and ordaind be Sathan,
 Now to be born to do thy Kin Defame,
 And gar me shaw thy Antecessours Schame,
 Thy Kin that lives may wary thee and ban.

IX.

SEN thou on me thus Lymmer leis and trauillis,
 And sends sic Sentence foundit of Envy;
 Thy Elders Banes ryse ilka Nicht and rattle;
 And on thy Corfs, Vengance, Vengance they cry;
 Thou art the Cause they may not rest nor lye;
 Thou says for them few *Paters*, *Salms* or *Credes*,
 But gars me tell their Rentells and Mildeids,
 And thair auld Sin with new Schame certefy.

X.

INSESWAT SOW, ceis fals *Eustaces* Air,
 And knaw, kein Scald I hald of *Alathia*,
 And gar me not the Cause lang to declair,
 Of thy curst Kin *Deilber* and his *Alia*;

Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie. 65

Cum to the Corfs on Kneis and mak a *Cria*,
Confess thy Cryme, hald *Kennedie* thy King,
And with a Hawthorn scourge thy fell and ding,
Thus drie thy Pennance *dele quisti quia*.

XI.

Ass to my *Commisar* and be confest,
Before him cour on Kneis and cum in Will;
And syne gar *Stobo* for thy Lyfe protest:
Renunce thy Rymes, baith ban and burn thy Bill,
Heive to the Heaven thy Hands and hald thee still.
Do thou not this Brigane thou tall be brint
With Pik, Tar, Fyre, Gun-powder and Lint,
On *Arthur-Sate*, or ony hicher Hill.

XII.

haif ambulate on *Parnaso* the Mountaïn,
Inspyrt with *Hermes* frae his golden Sphere,
And dulcely drunk of Eloquence the Fountain,
Quhen purifect with Frost, and flowand cleir,
And thou hast cum in *Merch* or *Februeir*;
There till ane Pule and drunk the Padock Rude,
That gars thee Ryme in Terms of Sence denude,
And blaber Things that wyse Men hate to heir.



XIII. Thou

66 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

XIII.

THOU luves nae *Erish*, Elf, I understand,
 But it suld be all true *Scotismens* Beid;
 It was the first gude Language of this Land,
 And SCOT A gart it multyplie and spreid,
 Till *Corispatrik* that we of Treason reid,
 Thy Fore-fader, made *Ersche* and *Erschmen* thin
 Throu his Treason brocht *Ingliis* Faffouns in,
 Sae wald thyself, micht thou to him succeed.

XIV.

FULE Ignorant, in all thy Mowis and Makks,
 It may be verryfeit thy Wit is thin,
 Quhen thou wryts *Denfmen* dryd upon the Ratts,
Denfmen of *Denmark* are of the Kings Kin,
 The Wit thou suld have had was casten in,
 Even at thy Erse backward with an Staw-slung
 Therefore, fals Harlot Hure-son, hald thy Tung
Delbier thou deives the Deil thy Emc with Din.

XV.

QUHAIRAS thou says, that I steil Hens and Lamms
 I let thee Wit I haif Land Store and Staks,
 Thou wald be fain to gnaw Law with thy Gamms
 Under my Burde frush Banes behind Dogs Backs

Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie. 67

Thy Purse its tume, I haif baith Streids and Caiks,
Thou tint the Sok, I Cotlter haif and Pleuch;
Thy Geir and Substance is a Widdy teuch,
On *Saltone* Mount, about thy Craig to rax.

XVI.

AND zit mount *Saltone* Gallows is owre fair,
For to be fleyt with sic a frontles Face;
Cum hame and hing under an Trie of *Air*,
To eard thee under it, I sall purchase Grace,
To cit thy Flefh the Dog sall haif nae Space.
Ravens sall ryve naething but thy Tung Rutes;
For thou sic Malice of thy Master mutes,
It is weil set that thou sic barrer brace.

XVII.

A small Fynance amang thy Freinds thou beggit,
To stanche thy skorne with haly Mulds thou lost
Thou saild to get a Dowkar for to dreggit;
It lyes clofd in a Clout on *Northway* Coast,
Sic Revel gars thee be servt with cauld Roast,
And aft sit supperless beyond the Se,
Cryand at Doris, *Caritas amore DEI*,
Breikles, Barefute, and all in Duds up dost.

68 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

XVIII.

DEILBER has nocht ado with a *Dunbar* ;
The Earls of *Murray* bure that Surname richt,
That to their King ay true and constant war ;
Of that Kin came *Dunbar* of *Westfield* Knicht,
That Succession is hardy, wyfe and wicht ;
And has naithing ado now with the Deil,
But *Deilber* is thy Kin, and kens the Weil,
And has in Hell for thee a Chalmer dicht.

XIX.

CURST crupand *Craw*, I fall gar crop thy Tung,
And thou fall cry *Cormundum* on thy Kneis,
Derch I fall ding thee till I gar thee dung,
And thou fall lick thy Lipps and sweir thou lies:
I fall degrad the gracless of thy Greis,
Scald thee for Skorn, and scor thee af thy Sule,
Gar round thy Heid transform thee as a Fule,
And with Treason gar trone thee on the Treis.

XX.

RAWMOUD Rebald, and Ranegald Rehator,
My Lynage and Forbeirs war evir leil,
It cums aft to thy sell to be a Traytor,
To ryde by Nicht, to rin, to reive and steil,

Quhen

Flyting of Dunbar and Kenndie. 69

Quhen thou puts Poyson to me I appeil

Thee in that Place, and prive it on thy Person,

Claim not to Clergy, I defy thee, *Garfoun,*

Thou fall buy it deir enouch, Derch of the Deil.

XXI.

In *England*, Owl, sould be thy Habitation ;

Homage to *Edward Langshanks* made thy Kin,

unto *Dunbar* resaivt him thy fals Nation:

They sould be exylt *Scotland* mair and myn,

Ane stark Gallows, a Widdy and a Pin :

The Heid Poynt of thy Elders Arms are

Written abune in Poyfie, Hang *Dunbar*,

Quarter and draw, and make that Surname thin.

XXII.

I am the Kings Blude, his trew and special Clerk,

That nevir zit imagind his Offence,

Constant in Mynd, in Thocht, in Word, and Wark,

Dependand only on his Excellence,

Trestand to have of his Magnificence,

Gwairdoun, Reward, and Benyfice bedein,

Quhair that the Ravins fall ryve out baith thy Ein

And on the Rattis fall be thy Residence.

70 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

XXIII.

FRAE *Atrick* Forest forward to *Domsreise*,

Thou beggit with a Pardon in all Kirks,
Collaps, Cruds, Butter, Meil, Grots, Gryce, and Geis,
And undernicht quhyles thou stall Staigs and Stirks,
Because now *Scotland* of thy begging irks,

Thou shaips in *France* to be Knight of the Feild,
Thou has thy Clam Shells and thy Burdoun keild,
Ilk Ways unhoneft, Wolrun, that thou works.

XXIV.

THOU may not pass Mont *Bernard* for wild Beists,
Nor win throw Mount *Scarpary* for the Snaw,
Mount *Nicholas*, Mount *Godard* thee arreifts,

Sic Beis of Briggand blinds them with a Blaw.
In *Paris* with thy Master *Burreau*,

Abyde and be his Prentise neir the Bank,
And help to hang *Fripons* for half a *Frank*,
And at the last thy self maun thole the Law.

XXV.

THOU haltand Harlot neir a gude thou hais,

For Falt of Puffance, Peilor, thou may pak thee;
Thou drank thy Sark, and als wedset thy Clais;
There is nae Lord in Service that will tak thee.

Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie. 71

A Pack of Flac-Skins Fynance for to mak thee,
Thou fall receive at *Danskyn* of my Tailzie,
With *de profundis* set thee and that failzie,
And I fall send the blak Deil for to bak thee.

XXVI.

INTO the *Katherine* thou made a foul Kahute;
For thou bedrait hir doun frae Stern to steir,
Upon her Sydes was sein that thou could schute,
The Dirt cleaves till hir Tows this Twentry Zeir,
The Firmament nor Firth was never cleir,
Quhile thou, Deils Birth *Deilber*, was on the Sic,
Ilk Saul had funkin throu the Sin of thee,
War not the People made fae mickle Prayer.

XXVII.

QUHEN that the Schip was saynt and under Sail,
Foul Brow in Hoil thou purpost for to pass,
Thou schot and was not sicker of thy Tail,
Beshait the Steir, the Compas and the Glas,
The Skiper bad gar land thee at the Bass,
Thou spewd and custe mony a laithly Lump,
Faster nor all the Mariners coud pump,
And zit thy Wame is war nor eir it was.

72 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

XXVIII.

HAD they been sae provided of Schot of Gun
 By Men of Weir, bot perell they had past;
 As thou was lowse and ready with thy Bun,
 They neid haif tane nae towing at the last,
 For thou could cuke a Cartful at a Cast;
 Ther is nae Ship that thee will now resaif,
 Faster thou fylt than Fyftensum might laife,
 And myrd them with thy Muck to the mid Mast.

XXIX.

THROW *Ingland* theive, and tak thee to thy Fute,
 And bound to haif with thee a fals Borwand,
 Ane Horsmanshell thou call thee at the Mute,
 And with that Craft convoy thee throw the Land;
 Be naithing airch, but fairly tak in Hand;
 Happen thou to be hangit in *Northumber*,
 Then all thy Kin are weil quit of thy Cumber,
 For that maun be thy Dume I understand.

XXX.

HIE soverain Lord, let neir this sinful Sot
 Do Schame frae hame unto zour Nation;
 Let neir again sic an be calld a *Scot*,
 A rotten Crok Lowse of the Dok ther down.

Frae

Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie. 73

Frae honest Folk devyde the laithly Loun,
On sum wyld Desert quhair ther is no Repair,
For fying and infecting of the Air,
Carry this cankert corrupt Carion.

XXXI.

THOU was confavit in the grit Eclippis,
Ane Monster maid be grit *Mercurius*,
Nae Hald-again or Ho is on thy Hipps,
Infortunate, curst, false and furious,
Ill-schriiven, wan-thriven, not clein nor curious,
A Myting for flyting, the Flurdome maist lyke,
A crabbit, scabbit, ill-facit Messen-tyke,
A Schit, bot Wit, schrewt and injurious,

XXXII,

GREIT in the Glaiks, gude Maister Gwiliame Gowkks,
Maist imperfyte in Poetrie and Prose,
All clos under the Cloud of Nicht thou coukks;
Rymes thou of me, of Rethory the Rose!
Lunatick Lymmar, Luschbald, lous thy Hose,
That I may touch thy Tung with Tribulation,
In recompensing of thy Conspiracy,
Or turfs thee out of *Scotland*, tak thy Choice.

XXXIII. A

74 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

XXXIII.

A Benefice quha wald gif sic a Beist,
 But gif it wer to jingle *Judas* Bells,
 Tak thee a Fiddle or a Flute to jest,
 Undocht thou art, ordaind for naithing ells,
 Thy clouted Cloak, thy Scrip and Clam-schells,
 Cleik on thy Croos, and fair on into *France*,
 And cum thou neir again without Mischance;
 The Feynd fair with the forward ower the Fells.

XXXIV.

CANKERT Cayne, tryd Trowane, *tute-villous*,
 Marmadin, Mynmerkin, Monster of all Men,
 I sall gar bake thee to the Laird of *Hillhouse*,
 To swelly thee instead of a pullt Hen;
 Fazart Fowmart, fostert in Filth and Fen,
 Foul frontit Feynd, Fule upon thy Phynomy,
 Thy Dok ay dreips of Dirt, and will not dry;
 To tume thy Tun wald tyre Carlings ten.

XXXV.

CURST Conspirator, Cockatrice, Hells Ka,
 Turk, Trumper, Traytor, Tyranne, intemperate,
 Thou yrefull Attercap, Pylat, *Apostata*,
Judas, Jew, Janglor, lollard Lawreat,
Sarazen

Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie. 71

Sarazen, Symonite, proud Pagan, pronunceat,
Mahomeit, mansworn, Atheist abominable,
Deil dampint Dog, in Vyce insatiable;

With Gog and Magog greit Glorificar.

XXXVI.

HERO thy Nevoy, Goliah thy Grandsyre,

Pharo thy Fader, Egyppa thy Dame,

Deilbeir thir ar, the Cause that I conspyre

Gainst thee, and ilka sutie Deil thy Eme;

Belzebub thy full Brudder he will claim

To be thy Air, and Cayphas thy Sector,

Pluto Heid of thy Kin and thy Protector,

To leid the down to Hell frae Licht and Leme.

XXXVII.

DEILBEIR, thy Speir of Weir, bot Feir, thou zeild,

Hangit, Mangit, Edder-ftangit, Stryndie *Stultorum*,

To me, maist hie, *Kennedie*, and flie the Feild;

Picket, wicket, stricket, convickit, Lump *lullardorum*,

Defamit, schamit, blamit, *primus Paganorum*;

Out out, I schout upon that Snout that snevils,

Tale-teller, Rebeller, Indweller with the Divels;

Spink, sink, with Stink *ad Tartara termagorum*.

The

*The merry Testament of Master Andro Kennedy,
Maid by Master William Dunbar, when he was like to dy.*

I.

I Master Andro Kennedy,
A curio quando sum vocatus,
Begotten with sum Incuby,
Or with sum Freir infatuatus;
I cannot, Faith, tell redely,
Unde aut ubi fui natus,
But this in Truth I trow trewly,
Quod sum Diabolus incarnatus.

II.

CUM nihil sit certius morte,
We maun all die quhen we haif done;
Nescimus quando, vel qua forte,
Nor blind allane wait of the Mone;
Ego patior in pectore,
Throw Nicht I could not sleip a Wink,
Licet ager in corpore,
Zit wald my Mouth be wat with Drink.

III. NUNC

Testament of Mr. Andro Kennedie. 77

III.

YUNG condo Testamentum meum,

I leave my Saul for evirmair,

per omnipotentem Deum,

Into my Lordis gude Wyne Cellar,

semper ibi ad remanendum,

Till Dumefday cum without Dissever,

honum vinum ad bibendum,

With sweit *Cuthbert* that luv'd me nevir.

IV.

PSE est dulcis ad amandum,

He wald aft ban me in his Braith,

Det mihi modò ad potandum,

And I forgave him laith and wraith,

Quia in Cellar cum cervisia,

I had leur ly baith air and late,

Nudus solus in camisia,

Than in my Lords braw Bed of State.

V.

Barrell being at my Bosom,

Of warldly Gude I bad nae mair.

et corpus meum ebriosum,

I leif unto the Toun of *Air,*

In

78 *Testament of Mr. Andro Kennedie.*

In a Draff Midding eir and ay,

Ut ibi sepelire queam;

Quhair Drink and Draff may ilka Day

Be custen *super faciem meam.*

VI.

I leif my Heart that neir was ficker,

Sed semper variabile,

That evermair wad flow and flicker,

Conforti meo Jacobi;

Thoch I wald bind it with a Wicker,

Verum Deum renui,

But and I hecht to tume a Bicker,

Hoc pactum semper tenui,

VII.

SYNE leif I the best Aucht I bocht,

Quod est Latinum propter capo

To my Kin-heid, but waite I nocht,

Quis est ille, than schrew my Skape:

I tald my Lord my Heid but hiddle,

Sed mille alii hoc sciverunt,

We wer as sib as Sive and Riddle,

In una silva qua creverunt.

VIII. *QUIA*

VIII.

QUIA mea solatia,

They wer but Leifings all and ane,

Cum omni fraude & falacia,

I leif the Maister of Sanct *Anthane,*

To William Gray ein *sine gratia,*

My ain deir Cufine, as I wene,

Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,

But quhen the Holand-tree grows grêne.

IX.

Mr fenzeing and my false Winning,

Relinquo falsis fratribus,

For thats conform to Gods ain Bidding,

Disparsis dedit pauperibus;

For Mens Sauls they say and sing,

Mentientes pro muneribus,

Now God give them an evil Ending,

Pro suis pravis operibus.

X.

To Jok the Fule, my Folly frie,

Lego post corpus sepultum,

In Faith I am mair Fule than he,

Licet ostendo bonum multum,

Of

80 *Testament of Mr. Andro Kennedie.*

Of Corn and Cattle, Gold and Fie,

Ipsè habet valde multum,

And zit he bleiris my Lordis Ec,

Fingendo eum fore stultum.

XI.

To Master Johnny Clerk syne,

Do & lego intime,

Gods braid Malefon and myne,

Nam ipse est causa mortis mea,

Wer I a Dog, and he a Swyne,

Multi mirantur super me,

But I suld gar that Lurdane quhryne;

Scribendo dentes sine D.

XII.

RESIDUUM omnium bonorum;

Rests to dispone my Lord fall haif,

Cum tutela puerorum,

Baith Edie, Katie, and all the laife;

In Faith I will nae langer raife,

Pro sepultura ordino,

On the new Gyse, sae God me saife,

Non sicut more solito.

Testament of Mr. Andro Kennedie. 81

XIII.

IN die mea sepultura,

I will haif nane but our ain Gang,

Et duos rusticos de rure,

Bearand ane Barrell on a Stang,

Drinkand and playand Cap-out evin,

Sicut egomet solebam,

Singand and greitand with the Stevin,

Potum meum cum fletu miscebam.

XIV.

I will nae Priests for me shall sing,

Dies illa dies ira,

Nor zit nae Bells for me to ring,

Sicut semper solet fieri,

But a Bag-pyp to play a Spring,

Et unum Ale-wisp ante me,

Instead of Torchies for to bring,

Quatuor lagunas cervisia,

Within the Grave to set sic Thing

In modum crucis juxta me,

To fley the Feynds, than hardly sing

De terra plasmasi me.



Discration in Asking.

I.

OF every Asking follows nocht
 Reward, but gif sum Cause wer wrocht;
 And quhair Cause is Men weil may se,
 And quhair nane is, it will be thocht
 In Asking fuld Discration be.

II.

ANÆ Fule, thocht he haif Cause or nane,
 Cryis ay, Gife me, unto a Drene;
 And he that dronis ay lyke an Bie,
 Suld haif ane Heirar dull as Stane;
 In Asking fuld Discration be.

III.

SUM askis mair than he deservs,
 Sum askis far less than he servs,
 Sum schames to ask, and braids of me,
 And all without Reward he stervs;
 In Asking fuld Discration be.

IV. To

IV.

To ask bot Service hurts gude Fame,
To ask for Service nane suld blame,
To serve and leif in Beggartie,
To Man and Maister baith is Schame;
In Asking suld Discretion be.

V.

HE that dois all his best Servyis,
May spill it all with Crakks and Cryis;
And be foul Importunitie;
For fewest Words may serve the wyis;
In Asking suld Discretion be.

VI.

NOCHT neidfull is Men suld be dum,
Nathing is gotin without Words sum,
Nocht speids bot Diligence we se;
For nathing it alane will cum;
In Asking suld Discretion be.

VII.

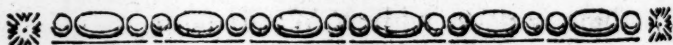
ASKING wald haif convenient Place,
Convenient Tyme, Laifar and Space,
Bot Haift or Preis of grit Menzie,
Bot Heart abaift, bot Tung reckles;
In Asking suld Discretion be.

VIII.

SUM might haif (ze) with little Cure,
 That hes aft (nay) with grit Labour
 All for, that Tyme not byde can he,
 And tyns baith Eirand and Honour;
 In Asking fuld Discretion be.

IX.

SUPPOSE the Servand be lang unquit,
 The Lord sumtyme reward will it,
 Gif he dois not quhat Remedie;
 To fecht with Fortune is nae Wit;
 In Asking fuld Discretion be.

*Discretion in Giving.*

I.

TO speik of Gifts or almous Deids,
 Sum gives for Merit, sum for Meids,
 Sum warldlie Honour to up hie,
 Gives aft to them that nathing neids;
 In giving fuld Discretion be.

II. SUM

Discretion in Giving.

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II.

SUM gives for Pryd and Glory vain,
Sum gives with Grudging and with Pain,
Sum gives in Prattick for Supplie,
Sum gives for twyis as gude again;
In Giving fuld Discretion be.

III.

SUM gives for Thank, sum Cheritie,
Sum Money gives, and sum gives Meit,
And sum give Words baith fair and flie;
But Gifts frae sum can nae Man treit;
In Giving fuld Discretion be.

IV.

SUM gives so littil full wretchedly,
That all his Gifts ar not set by,
And for a Hude-pyk haldin his he,
That all the Warld cryis on him, Fy!
In Giving fuld Discretion be.

V.

SUM in in his Giving is sae large,
That all owre-laidin is his Berge,
Throw Vyce and Prodigalitie;
Thairof his Honour dois discharge;
In Giving fuld Discretion be,

VI.

SUM to the rich Man gives his Geir,
 That micht his Gifts richt weil forbeir,
 Zit thocht the Pure for Falt suld die,
 His Cry nocht enteris in his Eir;
 In Giving suld Discretion be.

VII.

SUM gives to Strangeris with Face new,
 That zisterday frae *Flanderis* flew,
 And auld Servands lifts not se,
 Wer they neir of sic grit Vertew;
 In Giving suld Discretion be.

VIII.

SUM gives to them can ask and plenzie,
 Sum gives to them can fleich and fenzie,
 Sum gives to Men of Honestie,
 And halds all Jangelars at Disdenzie;
 In Giving suld Discretion be.

IX.

THAIR sum gets Gifts and rich Arrayis,
 To sweir all that his Maister sayis,
 Thocht all the contrair weil kens he;
 Ar mony sic now in our Dayis;
 In Giving suld Discretion be.

Discretion in Taking.

37

X.

SUM gives gude Men for thair gude Kewis,
Sum gives to Trumppers and to Schrews,
Sum gives to schaw his Auctoritie;
But in thair Office gude foundin few is;
In Giving fuld Discretion be.

XI.

SUM gives Parochines full wyde,
Kirks of Saint *Bernard* and Saint *Bryde*,
To teich, to rule, and to owresie,
To sum richt skant of Grace to gyde;
In Giving fuld Discretion be.



Follows Discretion in Taking.

I.

NOW after Giving I speik of Taking,
But littill of ony Gude forsaiking;
Sum taks owre scrimp Autoritie,
And sum owre-mekle, and that is glaiking;
In Taking fuld Discretion be.

II.

THE Clerks tak Benifices with Brawls,
 Sum of Saint *Peter*, sum of Saint *Pauls*,
 Take he the Rents, nae Cair hes he,
 Abeit the Deil tak all thair Sauls;
 In Taking suld Discretion be.

III.

BARONS tak frae thair Tennants pure
 All Fruit that grows upon the Feure,
 In Mails and Gersomes raist owre hie,
 And gars them beg frae Dore to Dore;
 In Taking suld Discretion be.

IV.

AND sum tak uther Mens Takks,
 And on the Pure Oppression maks,
 And nevir mynds that he maun die,
 Quhyle that the Gallows gar him rax;
 In Taking suld Discretion be.

V.

SUM taks be Sic and sum be Land,
 And nevir frae Taking hald thair Hand,
 Till they be tyit up to a Trie;
 And syn they gar them understand
 In Taking suld Discretion be.

VI. SUM

Discretion in Taking.

89

VI.

SUM wald tak all his Nichbours Geir,
Had he of Man as little Feir,

As he hes Dreid that GOD him se,
To tak then sould he nevir forbeir;

In taking suld Discretion be.

VII.

SUM wald tak all this Warlds Breid,
And zet nocht satisfiet thair Neid,

Throw Heart unsatiable and greidie,
Sum wald tak littill, and cannot speid;

In taking suld Discretion be.

VIII.

GRIT Men for Taking and Oppression,
Ar sett full famous at the Session,

Quhile pure Takkars are hangit hie,
Schamit for evir and thair Succession;

In taking suld Discretion be.

IX.

SUM taks the Makkaris ruising kynd,
But a Rewaird dois nevir mynd,

Few Pairts with Pelf for Poetry,
That gars my poutch be aft ill lynd;

In Taking suld Discretion be.

The foregoing three quod Mr. W^m. DUNBAR.

On



On Detraction and Deming.

I.

MUSING alane this hinder Nicht,
 Of mirry Day, quhen gane was Licht,
 Within a Garth undir a Tric,
 I hard ane Voce that said on Hicht,
 May nae Man now undemit be:

II.

FOR thocht I be an crownit King,
 Zit fall I not eschew Deming;
 Sum calls me gude, sum says I lie,
 Sum craifs of GOD to end my Ring,
 Sae fall I not undemit be.

III.

BE I a Lord, and not Lord lyke,
 Than every Pelour and Purse-pyke,
 Says, Land wer better waired on me,
 Thocht he dow nocht to leid a Tyke,
 Zit can he not let Deming be.

On Detraction and Deming.

94

IV.

BE I a Lady fresch and fair,
With Gentlemen makand repair,
Then will they say baith scho and he,
That I am japit late and air,
Thus fall I not undemit be.

V.

BE I an Courtman or a Knycht,
Honestly cled that sets me richt,
Ane prydfull Man syne call they me;
But God send them a Widdy wicht,
That cannot let sic Deming be.

VI.

BE I but little of Stature,
They call me Cative, Droich Creature,
And be I large of Quantity,
They call me monfterous of Nature;
Thus can they not let Deming be.

VII.

AND be I ornat in my Speich;
Then *Towsy* sayis I am fae streich,
I speik not lyke thair House Menzie,
Suppose her Mouth misters a Leich,
Zit can scho not let Deming be.

VIII. But

VIII.

BUT wist thir Folk that uther deims,

How that their Saws to uthers seims,

Thair vicious Words and Vainity,

Thair trattling Tungs that all furth teims,

Tharis sum wald let thair Deming be.

IX.

Gude JAMES the Ferd our nobill King,

Quhen that he was of Zeirs zing,

In Sentence said full subtilie,

Do weil and set nocht by Deming,

For nae Man fall undemit be.

X.

AND sae I fall with God his Grace,

Keip his Command into that Case,

Besickand ay the TRINITY,

In Hevin that I may haif a Place,

For thair fall no Man demit be.

Quod Mr. W. DUNBAR.



Sons exylt by Pryde.

I.

SONS hes bene ay exylit far out of Sicht,
 Sen ilka Knaif was cled in filken Goun,
 Welfare and Welth ar gane without gude Nicht,
 And in thair Rowms remains dull Derth and Neid,
 Pryd is amang us enterit, bot GOD speid,
 And leird our Lords to gang, now less and mair,
 With filken Gouns, and Cellars tume and bair.

II.

Now a small *Barons* rich Abulzement,
 In filkin Furrings, Chenzies and sic Geir,
 Micht furnis Fourty into *Jack* and Splent,
 Weil bodin at his Back with Bow and Speir
 It wer full meit gif it happens be Weir,
 That all this Pryd of Silk wer quyt laid down.
 And changit in *Jack Knapaska* and *Abergown*.

III. WALD

III.

WALD all the Lords lay up thair rich Arrays,
 And gar unfulziet keip them cleane and fair,
 And weir them but on hie triumphant Days,
 And quhen Strangers do in this Realme repair,
 They neidit not buy Silk Rayments mair,
 This Twenty Zeir for them, and thair Succession,
 Gif sinfull Pryde nocht blindit thair Discretion.

IV.

THAIR Men also maun be bot Smyt or Smot,
 Frae his Caprousy be with Ribbons laist,
 With Velvet Bord about his threid-bare Coit:
 On Woman Wayis weil tyit about his Waist,
 His Hat on Syde set up for ony Haist,
 For Hichtines the Culroun dois miskèn,
 His awin Maister as weil as uther Men.

V.

QUHA sinns in Pryd, does first to God Grivance,
 Quha out of Hevin to Hell gaif it a Fall;
 Syne of himself westis fast his Substance,
 Sae lerge, that it owrepasses his Rentall,
 His Tennants pure he dois oppress with all;
 His coistly Gown, with Tail sae wyde out spred,
 His nakit Farmours gars hungry gae to Bed.

*Quod CLERK.**Satyre*



SATYRE on Covetousness.

I.

REIDOM, Honour and Nobillness,
 Meid Manheid, Mirth and Gentillness;
 now in Court repute as Vyce,
 and all for Cause of Covetyce.

II.

LL Weillfare, Welth and Wantoness,
 r changit into Wretchedness,
 and Play is set at little Pryce,
 and all for Cause of Covetyce.

III.

ALKING, Hunting and swift Horse rining,
 r changit all in wranous winning,
 hair is nae Play but Cards and Dyce,
 and all for Cause of Covetyce.

V. HEAR

IV.

HEARTY House-halding is all laid down,
 A Laird has with him but a Loun,
 That leids him after his Devyce,
 And all for Cause of Covetyce.

V.

IN Burghs to Landwart and to Sie,
 Quhair Plesour was and grit Plentie,
 Venison Wyld-foul Wyn, and Spyce,
 Ar now decayd throw Covetyce.

VI.

HUSBANDS that Grangis had full greit,
 Cattle and Corn to fell and eit,
 Hes now nae Beists but Cats and Myce,
 And all throw Cause of Covetyce.

VII.

HONEST Zemen in every Toun,
 Quha wont to weir baith Red and Broun,
 Ar now arrayt in Raggs with Lyce.
 And all throw Cause of Covetyce.

AND

VIII.

AND Lairds in Silks harle to the Deil,
For quhilk thair Tennants fald Summer Meil,
And lives on Ruits under the Ryfs,
And all for Cause of Covetyce.

X.

QUHA that dois Deids of Pietie,
And lives in Pece and Cheritie,
Is haldin a Fule, and that full Nyce,
And all, &c.

X.

AND quha can reive uther Mens Rowms,
And upon pure Men gadder Sowms,
Is thocht an active Man and Wyse,
And all, &c.

XI.

MAN, pleis thy Maker, and be merry,
And value nocht this Warld a Cherry;
Work for a Place in Paradyce,
For thairin rings nae Covetyce.



The CHERRIE *and the* SLAE,*Compylt into Scottis Meeter by Captain Alexander Montgomery.*

L

A BOUT an Bank with Balmy Bewis,
 Quhair Nychtingales thair Notis renewis
 With gallant Goldspinks gay;
 The Mavis, Merle, and Progne proud,
 The Lintquhyt, Lark and Layrock loud,
 Salutit mirthful May.

Quhen *Philomel* had sweitly sung,
 To Progne scho deplord;

How *Tereus* cut out hir Tung,
 And falsly her deffourd;

Quhilk Story so sorie

To schaw hir self scho seimt,

To heir hir so neir hir,

I doutit if I dreimt.

IL THE

This Edition is taken from two curious old ones, the first printed by *Robert Walgrave*, the King's Printer, in 1597, according to a Copy corrected by the Author himself; the other by *Andro Hart*, printed 1615, said on the Title Page to be newly altered, perfyted, and divided into 114 Quaterzeims, not long before the Author's Death.

II.

THE Cushtat crouds, the Corbie crys,
The Coukow couks, the prattling Pyes,

To geck hir they begin :

The Jargoun or the jangling Jayes,
The craiking Crows, and keckling Kays,

They deavt me with thair Din.

The painted pawn with *Argos* Eys,

Can on his Mayock call;

The Turtle wails on witherit Tries,

And Eccho answers all,

Repeting with Greiting,

How fair *Narcissus* fell,

By lying and spying

His Schadow in the Well.

III.

I saw the Hurcheon and the Hare

In Hidlings hirpling heir and thair,

To mak thair Morning mange.

The Con, the Cuning and the Cat,

Quhais dainty Downs with Dew were wat.

With stif Mustachis strange.

100 *The Cherrie and the Slae.*

The Hart, the Hynd the Dae, the Rae,
 The Fulmart and false Fox;
 The Beardit Buck clam up the Brae;
 With birffy Bairs and Brocks;
 Sum feiding, sum dreiding
 The Hunters subtile Snairs,
 With skipping and tripping,
 They playit them all in Pairs.

IV.

THE Air was sobir, fast and sweit,
 Nae misty Vapours, Wind nor Weit,
 But quyit, calm and clear,
 To foster *Floras* fragrant Flowris,
 Quhairon *Apollos* Paramouris,
 Had trinklit mony a Teir;
 The quhilk lyke Silver Schaikers shynd,
 Embroydering Bewties Bed,
 Quhairwith their Heavy Heids declynd,
 In *Mayis* Collouris cled,
 Sum knoping, sum dropping,
 Of balmy Liquour sweit,
 Excelling and smelling,
 Throw *Phebus* hailsum Heit.

V.

METHOCHT an heavenlie heartsum Thing,
Quhair Dew lyke Diamonds did hing,
Owre twinkling all the Treis,
To study on the Flurist Twists,
Admiring Natures Alchymists,
Laborious buffie Bies,
Quhairof sum sweitest Honie socht,
To stay thair Lyves frae Sterve,
And sum the waxie Veschells wrocht,
Thair Purchase to preserve;
So heiping, for keiping
It in thair Hyves they hyde,
Precisely and wysely,
For Winter they provyde.

VI.

To pen the Pleasures of that Park,
How every Blossom Branch and Bark,
Against the Sun did shyne,
I pass to Poetis to compyle,
In hich heroick staitlie Style,
Quhais Muse surmatches myne.

102 *The Cherrie and the Slae.*

But as I lukit myne alane,

I saw a River rin

Outowre a steipie Rock of Stane,

Syne lichtit in a Lin,

With tumbling and rumbling

Amang the Roches round,

Devalling and falling,

Into a Pit profound.

VII.

THROW rowting of the River rang,

The Roches sounding lyke a Sang,

Quhair Das Kane did abound;

With Triple, Tenor, Counter, Mein,

And Ecchoe blew a Base betwene,

In Diapason Sound,

Set with the *C-söl-fa-uth* Cleif,

With Lang and Large at list;

With Quaver, Crotchet, Semibreif,

And not an Minum mist,

Compleitly mair sweetly

Scho fridound flat and schairp,

Nor Muses that uses

To pin *Apollo's* Harp.

VIII. QUHA

VIII.

QUHA wald haif-tyrt to heir that Tune,[?]
Quhilk Birds corroborate ay abume,
 With Lays of luvesum Larks,
Quhilk clim sae high in Chrystal Skys,
Quhyle *Cupid* walkens with the Cry,
 Of Natures Chappel Clerks,
Quha leving all the Hevins abuve,
 Allichted on the Eird.

Lo how that little Lord of Love,
 Before me thair appeird,
 Sae myld lyke and Chyld lyk,
 With Bow three Quarters scant,
 Syne moylie and coylie,
 He lukit lyke ane Sant,

IX.

ANE cleinty Crisp hang owre his Evis,
His Quaver by his thakit Thyis
 Hang in an Silver Lace;
Of Gold betwixt his Schoulders grew,
Twa pretty Wings quhair with he flew,
 On his left Arm ane Brace.

104 *The Cherrie and the Slae.*

This God sone aff his Geir he schuke,
 Upon the grassie Grund ;
 I ran als lichtly for to luke,
 Quhair Ferlies might be fund:
 Amasit I gasit
 To see his Geir sae gay,
 Persaifing myne Haveing,
 He countit me his Prey.

X.

HIS Zouth and Stature made me stout,
 Of Doubleness I had nae Doubt,
 But bourded with my Boy:
 Quod I, How call they thee my Chyld,
Cupido, Sir, quod he, and smyld,
 Please you me to imploy;
 For I can serve you in your Suite,
 If you please to impyre,
 With Wings to flie, and Schafts to schute
 Or Flamis to set on fyre.
 Mak Choice then of those then,
 Or of a thousand Things,
 But crave them and have them,
 With that I woud his Wings.

XI. QUHAT

XI.

QUHAT wald thou gif my Freind, *quod he*,
To haif thir wanton Wings to flie,

To sport thy Sprit a quhyle;

Or quhat gif I suld lend the Heir,
Bow, Quaver, Schafts and Schuting Geir,

Sum Body to begyle:

That Geir, *quod I*, cannot be bocht,

Zit I wald haif it fain;

Quhat gif, *quod he*, it cost thee nocht,

But rendering all again:

His Wings then he brings then,

And band them on my Back,

Go flie now, *quod he*, now,

And sae my Leif I tak.

XII.

I sprang up with *Cupidoes* Wings,

Quha Bow and Schuting Geir resigns,

To lend me for a Day:

As *Icarus* with borrowit Flicht,

I mountit hichar nor I micht,

Owre perrelous anc Play;

Then

106 *The Cherrie and the Slae.*

Then furth I drew that double Dart

Quhilk sumtyme schot his Mother,

Quhairwith I hurt my wanton Hart,

In Hope to hurt ane uther:

It hurt me or burnt me,

Quhyle either End I handill;

Cum se now in me now

The Butter-flie and Candill.

XIII.

As scho delysts into the Low,

Sae was I browdin of my Bow,

Als ignorant as scho;

And as scho flies quhyl scho be fyrt,

Sua with the Dart that I desyrt,

My Hand has hurt me to;

As fulish *Phaeton* be Sute

His Fathers Cart obtaind,

3a langt I in Lufis Bow to schute,

Not marking quhat it meind;

Mair wilfull than skilfull,

To flie I was sae fond,

Desyring, aspyring;

And sae was sene upond.

XIV. Too

XIV.

Too late I knew quha hewis to Hie,
The Spail fall fall into his Eie,

Too late I went to Schuils;
Too late I heard the Swallow preich,
Too late Experience dois teich,

The Schuil-maister of Fuils;
Too late to fynd the Nest I feik,
Quhen all the Birds ar flowin;
Too late the Stabill-dore I steik,

Quhen all the Steids ar stowin;
Too late ay thair State ay,
All fulish Folk espy,
Behind sae, they find sae
Remeid, and sae do I.

XV.

Gif I had ryplie bene advyst,
I had not rashly enterpryst,
To soir with borrowit Penns;
Nor zit had seyed zhe Archer-craft,
To schute my sell with sik a Schaft,
As Reason quyte miskenns.

108 *The Cherrie and the Slae.*

Frae Wilfullness gaif me my Wound,

I had nae Force to flie,

Then came I grainand to the Ground,

Freind, Welcum hame, *quod he*;

Quhair flew ze? Quhome flew ze?

Or quha brings hame the Buiting?

I se now, *quod he*, now,

Ze haif bene at the Schuting.

XVI.

As Skorne cums commonlie with Skaith,

Sa I behuift to byde them baith,

Sae stakking was my Stait!

That undir Cure I gat sik Chek,

Quhilk I nicht nocht remuif nor nek,

But eyther stail or mait;

My Agony was sae extreme,

I swelt and swound for Feir,

But or I walkyat of my Dreame,

He spulzied me of my Geir;

With Flicht then on Hicht then

Sprang *Cupid* in the Skyis,

Forzetting and setting

At nocht my cairfull Cryis.

XVII. SAE

XVII.

SAE lang with Sicht I followit him,
Quhyle baith my dazelit Eyis grew dim
 With stairing on the Starns,
Quhilk flew sae thick befor my Ein,
Sum reid, sum zellow, blew, sum grene,
 Quhilk trublit all my Harns,
That every Thing apperit twae
 To my barbulzeit Brain,
But lang nicht I ly luiking sae,
 Or *Cupid* came again;
 Quhais Thundering, with Wondering,
 I hard up throw the Air,
 Throw Cluds so he thuds so,
 And flew I wist not quhair.

XVIII.

THEN frae I saw that God was gane,
And I in Langour left allane,
 And sair tormentit to;
Sumtyme I sicht, quhyl I was sad,
Sumtyme I musit and maist gane mad,
 I wist not quhat to do;

Sumtyme

110 *The Cherrie and the Slat.*

Sumtyme I ravit, half in a Rage,

As ane into Dispair,

To be opprest with sic a Page,

Lord gif my Heart was fair;

Lyke *Dido*, *Cupido*,

I widdill and I warie,

Quha rest me and left me

In sic a Feirie-farie.

XIX.

THEN felt I *Curage* and *Desyre*

Inflame my Heart with uncouth Pyre,

To me befor unknown;

But now nae Blude in me remains

Unbrunt and boyld within my Vaines,

By Luve his Bellies blawin;

To quench it or I was devorit,

With Sichts I went about,

But ay the mair I schupe to smorit,

The baulder it brak out;

Ay preising bot ceissing,

Quhyl it nicht breik the Bounds,

My Hew to furth schew so

The Dolour of my Wounds.

XX. WITH

The Cherrie and the Slae. 111

XX.

WITH deidly Visage, pail and wan,
air lyke Anatomy than Man,

on Atomic

I widdert slein away,
Wax befor the Fyre, I felt
my Heart within my Bosom melt,

And Peice and Peice decay,
my Veines with brangling lyk to brack,

My Punsis lap with Pith;
the Fervency did me infek,

That I was vext thairwith:

My Heart ay did start ay,

The fyrie Flamis to flie,

Ay howping, throw lowping,

To leap at Libertie.

XXI.

ur, O alace! it was abusit,

ly cairfull Corps kept it incluisit,

In Presoun of my Breist;

With Sichts sae sowpit and owre-set,

Lyk to ane Fisch fast in the Net,

In Deid thraw undeceist.

Quha

112 *The Cherrie and the Slae.*

Quha thocht in vain scho stryve by Strenth

For to pull out hir Heid,

Quhilk profits naething at the length,

But haistning to hir Deid ;

With wristing and thirsting,

The faster still is scho,

Thair I so did ly-fo,

My Death advancing to.

XXII.

THE mair I wrestlit with the Wind,

The faster still my self I find,

Nae Mirth my Mynd nicht meise;

Mair Noy, nor I, had nevir nane,

I was sae altert and owre-gane,

Throw Drowth of my Diseise :

Zit weakly as I nicht, I raise,

My Sicht grew dim and dark;

I stakkerit at the Windill-straes,

Nae Takin I was stark ;

Baith sichtles and nichtles

I grew allmaist at ains,

In Angwische I langwische,

With mony grievous Grains.

XXIII. WITH

The Cherrie and the Slae.

113

XXIII.

WITH sober Pace I did approche
Hard to the River and the Roche,
 Quhair of I spak befor;
The River sic a Murmur maid,
As to the Sea it saftly slaid,
 The Craig hich, stay and schoir :
Then Pleasure did me sae provok
 Thair partly to repair,
Betwixt the River and the Rock,
 Quhair *Houp* grew with *Dispaire*;
 A Trie than I sic than
 Of CHERRIES on the Braes,
 Belaw to I saw to
 Anc Buß of bitter SLAES.

XXIV.

THE Cherries hang abune my Heid,
Lyke twynkland Rubies round and reid,
 Sae hich up in the Hewch,
Quhais Schaddowis in the River schew,
Als graithly glancing as they grew
 On trimbling Twistis, and tewch,
 Quhillk

114 *The Cherrie and the Slae.*

Quhilk bowed throw burding of thair Birth,
 Declyning down thair Toppis,
 Reflex of *Phebus* aff the *Firth*,
 New colourit all thair Knoppis;
 With danfing and glanfing,
 In Tyrles dornik champ,
 Quhilk streimaned and leimed
 Throw Lichtness of that Lamp.

XXV.

WITH earnest Eie, quhyl I espy
 The Fruit betwixt me and the Sky,
 Half-gaite almaist to Hevin;
 The Craig sae cumbersum to clim,
 The Tree sae tall of Growth, and trim,
 As ony Arrow evin:
 I callid to mynd how *Daphne* did
 Within the Laurell schrink,
 Quhen from *Appollo* scho hir hid
 A thousand Tymes I think;
 That Tree thair to me thair,
 As he his Laurell thocht,
 Aspyring, bor tiring,
 To get that Fruit I socht.

XXVI.

To clim the Craig it was nae Buit,

Let be to preiss to pull the Fruit

In Top of all the Trie;

I saw nae Way quhairby to cum,

Be ony Craft to get it clum,

Appeirandlie to me :

The Craig was ugly, stay and dreich,

The Trie lang, sound and small,

I was affrayd to clim sa hich,

For Feir to fetch a Fall;

Affrayit to sey it,

I luikit up on loft,

Quhys minting, quhys finting,

My Purpose changit oft.

XXVII.

THEN Dreid, with Danger and Dispair,

Forbad my minting onie mair

To rax abune my Reiche;

Quhat, Tusche, quod Curage, Man go to,

He is but daft that has to do,

And spairs for every Speiche:

116 *The Cherrie and the Slae.*

For I haif aft hard fuith Men say,
And we may see ourfells,
That Fortune helps the hardy ay,
And Pultrones plain repells;
Then feir nocht nor heir nocht,
Dreid, Danger or Dispair,
To Fazarts hard Hazarts
Is deid or they cum thair.

XXVIII.

QUHA speids, but sic as heich aspyris,
Quha triumphs nocht, but sic as tryes
To win a nobill Name;
Of schrinking, quhat but Schame succedeis,
Then do as thou wald haif thy Deids
In Register of Fame:
I put the Cais thou nocht prevaild,
Sae thou with Honour die;
Thy Lyfe, but not thy Courage, faild;
Sall Poets pen of thee:
Thy Name than from Fame than
Sall nevir be cut aff,
Thy Graif ay fall haif ay
That honest Epitaff.

XXIX. QUHA

XXIX.

QUHAT can thou losse, quhen Honour lives?

Renown (thy Vertew) ay revives,

Gif valiauntlie thou end:

Quod *Danger*, Huly, Freind, tak heid,

Untymous Spurring spills the Steid;

Tak tent quhat ze pretend:

Thocht *Courage* counsell thee to clim,

Beware thou kep nae Skaith,

Haif thou nae Help but *Hope* and him,

They may begyle thee baith:

Thysell now may tell now

The Counsell of thae Clerks,

Quhairthrow zit I trow zit

Thy Breist dois beir the Marks.

XXX.

BRUNT Bairn with Fyre the *Danger* dreids,

Sa I belief thy Bosome bleids,

Sen last that Fyre thou felt:

Besyds that, seindle Tymes thou seis

That evir *Courage* keips the Keis

Of Knowledge at his Belt;

118 *The Cherrie and the Slae.*

Thocht he bid fordwart with his Guns,
 Small Powder he provyds,
 Be not ane Novice of that Nunnes,
 That saw nocht baith the Syds;
 Fule-haist ay almaist ay,
 Owre-fails the Sicht of sum,
 Quha huiks not, nor luiks not
 Quhat eftirward may cum.

XXXI.

Zir Wisdom wifches thee to wey
 This Figure in Philosophy,
 A Lessoun worth to leir,
 Quhilk is in Tyme for to tak tent,
 And not quhen Tyme is past, repent,
 And buy Repentance deir;
 Is thair nae Honour eftir Lyfe,
 Except thou slay thyself,
 Quhairfoir has *Atropos* that Knyfe?
 I trow thou cannot tell:
 Quha bot it wald cut it,
 Quhilk *Clotho* skairs has spun,
 Distroying thy Joying
 Befoir it be begun.

XXXII. ALL

XXXII.

ALL Owres ar repute to be Vyce,
Owre hich, owre law, owre rasch, owre nyce,¹

Owre het or zit owre cauld;

Thou seims unconstant, be thy Signs,

Thy Thocht is on a thousand Things,

Thou wats not quhat thou wald;

Let Fame hir Pitie on the poure,

Quhen all thy Banes ar brokin,

Zone SLAE, suppose thou think it foure,

May satisfie to flokkin

Thy Drouth now, of Zouth now,

Quhilk dryes thee with Desyre,

Aflwage than thy Rage, Man,

Foul Watter quenches Fyre.

XXXIII.

QUHAT Fule art thou to die of Thrift,

And now may quench it, gif thou list,

Sae easylie bot Pain;

Mair Honour is to vanquish ane

Than feicht with tensum and be tane,

And owther hurt or slain:

120 *The Cherrie and the Slae.*

The Prattick is to bring to pas,
 And not to enterpryse,
 And als gude drinking out of Glas
 As Gold in ony Ways;
 I levir haif evir
 A Foul in hand or tway,
 Nor sicand ten flieand
 About me all the Day.

XXXIV.

LUKE quhair thou licht befor thou lowp,
 And slip na Certainty for Howp,
 Quha gyds thee but begets.
 Quod *Courage*, Cowards tak nae Cure
 To sit with Schame, sae they be sure,
 I lyke them all the less;
 Quhat Plesure purchest is bot Pain,
 Or Honour win with Eise,
 He will not ly quhair he is slain,
 That douttis befor he dies:
 For *Feir* then I heir then,
 But only ane Remeid,
 Quhilk latt is, and that is
 For to cut aff the Heid.

XXXV. QUHAT

XXXV.

QUHAT is the Way to heil thy Hurt?

Quhat is the Way to stay thy Sturt?

Quhat meins may mak thee merrie?

Quhat is the Comfort thar thou craivs?

Suppose thir Sophists thee desaivs:

Thou knaws it is the *Cherrie*;

Sen for it only thou but thrifts,

The *Slae* can be nae Buit;

In it also thy Helth consists,

And in nae uther Fruit;

Quhy quaiks now, and schaiks thou?

And studys at our Stryfe,

Advysc thee, it lyes thee,

On nae less than thy Lyfe.

XXXVI.

GIF any Patient wald be panst,

Quhy suld he lowp quhen he is lanst,

Or schrink quhen he is schorn;

For I haif hard Chirurgians say,

Aftymes deffering of a Day,

Micht not be mend the Morn.

Tak

122 *The Cherrie and the Slae,*
Tak Tyme in Time, or Tyme be tint;

For Tyme will not remain:
Quhat forces Fyre out of the Flint,
But als hard match again?

Delay not, and fray not,
And thou fall sic it fae,
Sic gets ay that fetts ay,

Stout Stomaks to the Brae.

XXXVII.

THOCHT all Beginnings be maist hard,
The End is pleland afterward;

Then schrink not for a Schowre;
Frae anes that thou thy Greining get,
Thy Pain and Travel is forzer,

The Sweit exceids the Soure;
Gae to then quicklie, feir not thir,
For *Howp* gude Hap hes hecht.

Quod *Danger* be not sudden, Sir,

The Matter is of Wecht;

First spy baith, and try baith,
Advysement does nane ill,
I say then, ye may then,
Be willfull quhen ze will.

XXXVIII. But

XXXVIII.

UT zit to Mynd the Proverb call,

Quha uses Perrills perish fall,

Schort quhyle thair Lyfe them lasts?

And I haif hard, *quod Howp*, that he

all nevir schaip to fail the Se,

That for all Perrills casts,

How many throw Dispair are Deid,

That nevir Perrills preivt?

How many also, gif thou reid,

Of Lyves have we releivt?

Quha being evin dieing,

Bot Danger, but dispaird;

A Hunder, I wonder,

But thou hast hard declaird,

XXXIX.

GIF we twa hald not up thy Heart,

Quhilk is the Cheif and noblest Part,

Thy Wark wald not gang weil,

Considering thae Companions can

Diswade a filly simple Man,

To hafard for his Heil,

Sup-

124. *The Cherrie and the Slae.*

Suppose they haif defavit sum,

Or they and we nicht meit;

They get nae Credence quhair we cum,

With ony Man of Spreit,

By Reafoun thair Treafoun

Be us is first espyt,

Reveiling thair Deiling,

Quhilk dow not be denyt.

XL.

With fleikit Sophisms feiming sweit,

As all thair Doings war discreit,

They wish thee to be wyse,

Postponing Tyme frae Hour to Hour,

But Faith in underneath the Flowr,

The lurking Serpent lyes;

Suppose thou seis her not a Styme,

Till that scho stings thy Fute:

Persaivs thou nocht quhat precious Tyme,

Thy slewthing does owreschute,

Allace Man! thy Case Man,

In lingring I lament,

Go to now and do now,

That Courage be content.

XLI.

QUHAT gif Melancholy cum in,
And get ane Grip or thou begin,
Than is thy Labour lost;
For he will hald thee hard and fast,
Till Tyme and Place and Fruit be past,
And thou give up the Ghost:
Than fall be graird upon the Stane,
Quhilk on thy Graif is laid,
Sumtyme thair lived sic a ane;
But how fall it be said?

Here lyes now, but pryse now
Into Dishonours Bed,
An Cowart as thou art,
That from his Fortune fled.

XLII.

IMAGYNE Man, gif thou wer laid
In Graif, and syne micht heir this said,
Wald thou not sweit for Schame?
Yes, Faith I doubt nocht but thou wald:
Therefoir gif thou has Ene behald,
How they wald smoir thy Fame.

126 *The Cherrie and the Stae.*

Gae to and mak nae mair Excuse,

Or Lyfe and Honour lose,

And outhier them or us refuse,

There is nae uther Chose.

Consider togidder,

That we can nevir dwell,

At length ay by Strenth ay

Thae Pultrones we expell.

XLIII.

Quod Danger, Sen I understand,

That Counsell can be nae Command,

I have nae mair to say,

Except gif that he thocht it good;

Tak Counsell zit or ze conclude

Of wyser Men nor they.

They are but raclefs, zung and rasche,

Suppose they think us fleid;

Gif of our Fellowship zou fasche,

Gang with them hardly beit.

God speid zou, they leid zou,

That has not meikle Wit.

Expell us, zeil tell us,

Heirastir comes not zit.

XLIV. QUHYLE

XLIV.

QUHYLE *Danger* and *Dispair* retyrt,
Experience came in and speirt

Quhat all the *Matter* meind;
With him came *Reason*, *Wit* and *Skill*,
And they began to speir at *Will*,

Quhair mak ze to my *Freind*?
To pluck zone lusty *Cherrie* loe,

Quod he, and quyte the *Slae*:

Quod they, Is there nae mair ado,

Or ze win up the *Brae*?

But to it, and do it,

Perforce the *Fruit* to pluck,

Weil, *Brother*, sum uther

Were better to conduct.

XLV.

We grant ze may be gude aneuch;

But zir the *Hazard* of zon *Heuch*,

Requyris ane graver *Gyde*;

As wyse as ze are may gae wrang;

Thairfore tak *Counsaill* or ze gang

Of sum that stand besyde.

But

128 *The Cherrie and the Slae.*

But quha war zon three ze forbad

 Zour Company richt now;

Quod *Will*, three Prechours to perswad

 The poyfond Slae to pow.

 They trattlit and prattellit,

 A lang half Hour and mair;

 Foul fall them; they call them

Dreid, Danger and Dispair.

 XLVI.

THEY are mair faschious nor of Feck,

Zon Fazards durst not for thair Neck

 Clim up the Craig with us;

Frae we determinit to die,

Or else to clim zon Cherrie Trie,

 They baid about the Bufs.

They are conditiond lyk the Cat,

 They wald not weit thair Feit,

But zit gif ony Fisch ze gat,

 They wald be fain to eit.

 Thocht they now, I say now,

 To hazard haif nae Heart,

 Zit luck we and pluck we,

 The Fruit they wald haif part.

XLVII.

BUT frae we get our Voyage wun,
They fall not than a Cherrie cun,
That wald not enterpryse;
Weil, quod *Experience*, ze boist;
But he that counts without his Oist,
He aschtymes counts twyse.
Ze sell the Beirs Skin on his Back,
But byde quhyle ze it get;
Quhen ze have done, its Tyme to cracke
Ze fish befor the Net.
Quhat haist, Sir, ze taist, Sir,
The Cherry or ze pou it;
Bewar zit, ze ar zit
Mair talkative nor trowit.

XLVIII.

CALL Danger back again, quod *Skill*,
To se quhat he can say to *Will*,
We see him schod sae strait:
We may nocht trow quhat ilk ane tells;
Quod *Courage* we concludit ells,
He servis not for our Mait;

For I can tell zou all perqueir

His Counsaill or he cum:

Quod Will quhairto foud he cum heir,

He cannot hald his himdum;

He speiks ay, and seiks ay

Delay of Tyme be Drifts;

He grievis us, and deivs us,

With Sophistries and Schifts.

XLIX.

Quod Reasoun, quhy was he debard?

The Tale is ill may not be hard,

Zet let us heir him anis.

Then *Danger* to declair began,

How *Hope* and *Courage* took the Man,

To leid him all thair laims;

For they wald haif him up the Hill,

Bot owther Stap or Stay:

And quha was welcomer than *Will*,

He wald be formost ay;

He could do, and fould do,

Quha evir wald or nocht,

Sic speiding proceeding

Unlyklye was I thocht.

The Cherry and the Slae.

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L.

THAIRFOR I wisht them to bewar,
And rashly not to run owre'far,
Without sic Gyds as ze.

Quod *Courage*, Freind, I heir zou fail,
Tak bettir tent unto zour Tale,

Ze said it could not be;
Besydis that ze wald not consent,
That evir we suld clim:

Quod *Will* for my Pairt I repent,
We saw them mair than him:
For they are the Stayer
Of us, as weil as he;
I think now they schrink now,
Go forwart let them be.

LI.

Go, go, we naithing do but gucks;
They say the Voyage nevir luks,
Quhair ilk ane has a Vote.

Quod *Wisdom* gravely, Sir, I grant,
We were nae warse zour Vote to Want,
Sum Sentence heir I note.

¶ 2

Sup.

132 *The Cherrie and the Slae.*

Suppose ze speak it but begets,

Sum Fruit thairin I fynd;

Ze wald be forward I confess,

And cums aftymis behynd.

It may be that they be

Defavit that nevir doutit;

Indeid, Sir, that Heid, Sir,

Has mekle Wit about it.

LII.

THEN willfull *Will* began to rage,

And sware he saw naithing in Age,

But Anger, Yre and Grudge;

And for my sell, quod he, I sweir

To quat all my Companzions heir,

Gif they admit zou Judge.

Experience is grown sae auld,

That he begins to rave;

The laif but *Courage* are sae cauld,

Nae Hazarding they haif;

For *Danger*, far stranger

Has made them than they war,

Gae frae then, we pray then,

That nowther dow nor dar.

LIII. QUHY

LIII.

QUHY may not these three leid this arie,

I led an hunder myne alane,

Bot Counsal of them all.

I grant quod *Wisdom* ze haif led;

But I wald speir how mony sped,

Or furdert bot a Fall.

But owther few or nane I trow,

Experience can tell;

He says the Man may wyte but zou

The first Tyme that he fell.

He kens then, quhais Penns then,

Thou borrowit him to flee;

His Wounds zet, that stounds zet,

He gat them then throu thee.

LIV.

THAT, quod *Experience*, is trew;

Will flatterit him quhen first he flew;

Will set him in a Low.

Will was his Counsell and Convoy,

To borrow frae the blindit Boy

Baith Quaver, Wings and Bow;

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Quhairwith before he seyde to shute,

He nowther zield to Zouth,

Nor zet had Neid of ony Fruit,

To quench his deidlie Drouth.

Quhilk pyns him and dwyns him

To Deid, I wate not how,

Gif *Will* then did ill then,

Himself remembers now.

LV.

FOR I *Experience* was thair

Lyke, as I use to be all quhair,

Quhat Tyme he wytit *Will*

To be the Grund of all his Greif,

As I my self can be a Preif

And Witnes thairuntill:

Thair are nae Bounds but I haif bene,

Nor Hidlings frae me hid,

Nor secret Things that I haif sene

That he or ony did:

Thairfoir now, no moir now,

Let him think to conceild;

For quhy now, even I now

Am Det bound to reveild.

LVI. My

LVI.

My Custome is for to declair
The Truth, and nowther eik nor pare,
For ony Man a Jot:
Gif wilful *Will* delyts in Leis,
Example in thy self thou seis

How he can turn his Coat;
And with his Language wald allure
Thee zet to brek thy Bains:
Thou knaws thy self, gif he was sure,
Thou usd his Counsell anes,
Quha wald zet be bauld zet,
To wrak thee war not we,
Think on now of zon now,
Quod *Wisdom* then to me.

LVII.

WEIL, quod *Experience*, gif he
Submits himself to you and me,
I wate quhat I fould say,
Our gudę Advyse he fall not want,
Provyding always that he grant
To put zon *Will* away,

196 *The Cherrie and the Slae.*

And banisch baith him and *Dispair*,

That all gude Purpose Spills;

Sae he will mell with them nae mair,

Let them twa flyte thair fills,

Sic Coissing bot Loffing,

All honest Men may use;

That Change now were strange now,

Quod Reason, to refuse.

LVIII.

Quod Will, Fy on him quhen he flew,

That poud not Cherries then anew,

For to haif stayd his Sturt.

Quod Reason, thocht he bear the Blame,

He nowther saw nor neidit them,

Till he himself had hurt:

First quhen he mistert not, he micht,

He neids and may now

Thy Foly quhen he had his Flicht

Empashed him to pow.

Baith he now and we now

Persaive thy Purpose plain

To turn him, and burn him,

And blaw on him again.

LIX. *Quod*

LIX.

Quod Skill, Quhy suld we langer stryve ?

Far better late than never thryve,

Cum let us help him zit;

Tint Tyme we may not get again,

We wast but present Tyme in vain,

Beware with that, quod Wit:

Speik on, *Experience*, lets se,

We think ze hald ze dum,

Of Byganes I haif hard, quod he,

I knaw not Things to cum.

Quod *Reason*, The Season

With Slowthing flyds away,

Firft tak him and mak him

A Man gif that ze may.

LX.

Quod Will, Gif he be not a Man,

I pray zou, Sirs, quhat is he than ?

He lukes lyke ane at leift.

Quod *Reason*, Gif he follow thee,

And mynd not to remain with me,

Nocht but a brutal Beift:

138 *The Cherrie and the Slae.*

A Man in Schape doth not consist,
 For all zour taunting Tales,
 Thairfoir, Sr *Will*, I wald ze wist
 Zour Metaphysick fails;
 Gae leir zit a Zeir zit
 Zour Logick at the Schulis,
 Sum Day then ze may then
 Pass Master with the Mulis.

LXI.

Quod *Will*, I marvell quhat ze mein,
 Suld not I trow my ain twa Een,
 For all zour Logick Schulis,
 If I did not I war not wyse:
 Quod *Reason*, I haif tald zou thryse,
 Nane ferlies mair than Fulis;
 Thair be mae Sences than the Sicht,
 Quhilk ze owre-hale for Haste,
 To wit, gif ze remember richt,
 Smell, Heiring, Touch, and Taste,
 All quick Things haif sic Things,
 I mein baith Man and Beist,
 By Kynd then, we fynd then
 Few laks them in the leist.

LXII. SAE

LXII.

Be that Consequens of thyne,
Or Syllogism said lyke a Swyne,
A Cow may teach thee Lair;
Thou uses only but thyne Eies,
Who touches, tastes, smells, heirs, and scis,
Quhilk matches thee and mair:
But since to triumph ze intend,
As presently appeirs,
Or, for zour Clergie, to be kend,
Tak ze twa Asses Eirs;
Nae Myter perfyter
Gat *Midas* for his Meid,
That Hude Sir is gude Sir
To hap zour Brain-sick Heid.

LXIII.

Ze haif nae Feil for to defyne,
Thoch' ze haif Cunning' to declyne
A Man to be a Mule,
With litle Wark zit ze may vowd
To grow a galant Horse and gude,
To ryde thairon at Zule:

But

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But to our Ground quhair we began,

For all zour guffless Jests,

I must be Master to the Man,

But thou to brutall Beists;

Sae we twae maun be twae,

To cause baith Kynds be knawn,

Keip thyne then frae myne then,

And ilk ane use thair awin.

LXIV.

THEN *Will* as angrie as an Ape,

Ran ramping sweiring rude and rape,

Saw he none other Schift;

He wald not want ane Inch of Will,

Quhither it did him Gude or Ill,

For thirty of his Thrift;

He wald be formoist in the Feild,

And Maister gif 'he nicht,

Yea he suld rather die than zield,

Though *Reason* had the richt:

Shall he now mak me now

His Subject or his Slaif,

Na rather, my Father

Shall quick gang to his Graif.

LXV. I

LXV.

hecht him quhyle my Heart is heal,
To perisch first of he prevail,

Cum after quhat so may:

Quod Reason, Doubt ze not indeed,

Ze hit the Nail upon the Heid,

It fall be as ze say.

Suppose ze spur for to aspyre,

Zour Brydle wants a Bit,

That Meir may leif zou in the Myre,

As sicker as ze fit.

Zour Sentance, Repentance,

Sall learn zou, I believe,

And anger zou langer,

Quhen ze that prattick prieve.

LXVI.

As ze haif dyted zour Decreit,

Zour Prophecie to be complete,

Perhaps, and to zour Pains,

It has bein said, and may be sae,

A wilfull Man wants nevir Wae,

Thocht he gets litle Gains.

But

142 *The Cherrie and the Slae.*

But sen ze think it easy Thing

To mount aboif the Mune;

Of zour awin Fidle tak a Spring,

And daunce quhen ze haif done;

If than Sir the Man Sir

Lykes of zour Mirth, he may,

But speir first and heir first

Quhat he himsell will say.

LXVII.

THEN all together they began

To say, Cum on, thou martyr it Man,

Quhat is thy Will, advyse?

Abaifd a bonny quhyle I baid,

And musd or I my Answer maid,

I turnd me anes or twyse,

Behalding ilky ane about,

Quhais Motions muvit me maist,

Sum seimd affurd, sum dred for Dour,

Will ran reid-wod for Haist;

With wringing and flinging,

For Madnes lyke to mang;

Dispair to, for Care to,

Wald neids himsell gae hang.

LXVIII. QUHILL

LXVIII.

QUHILK quhen *Experience* persavit,

Quod he, Remember gif we ravit,

As *Will* alledgt of lair,

Quhen that he sware he naithing saw

In Age, but Anger, slak and slaw,

And tankert of Consait;

Ze could not luck as he aledgt,

That all Opinions speirt,

He was sae frak and fyrie edgt,

He thocht us four but feirt:

Quha pansis, quhat chanis,

Quod he, nae Worschip wins,

To sum best fall cum best

That hap weil rak weil rins:

LXIX.

Zit, quod *Experience*, behald,

For all the Tales that he has tald,

How he himsell behaifs,

Because *Dispair* could not cum speid,

Lo quhair he hangs all but the Heid,

And in a Widdy waifs:

Gif

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Gif zou be sure anes thou may se,
 To Men that with them mells,
 Gif they had hurt or helpit thee,
 Consider be themfells.
 Then chuse thee to use thee,
 By us, or sic as zone,
 Say sone now, haif done now,
 Mak owther aff or on.

LXX.

PERSAVES thou not quhairfrae proceedis
 The frantick Fantasie that feids,
 Thy furious flaming Fyre,
 Quhilk dois thy bailfull Breist combuir,
 That nane but we, quod they, can cuir,
 Or help thy Hearts Disyre:
 The persing Passion of thy Spreit
 That waists thy vital Breath,
 Has holit thy heavy Heart with Heit,
 Desyre draws on thy Death.
 Thy Puncis renouncis
 All kynd of quiet Rest,
 That Fever has ever
 Thy Person sae opprest.

LXXI.

COUD thou cum anes acquaint with *Skill*,
He kens quhat Humors dois the ill,

And how thy Cair contracks;
He knows the Ground of all thy Greife,
And Recipies for thy Relcife,

All Medicines he maks:

Cum on, quod *Skill*, content am I

To put my helping Hand,
Providing allways he apply

To Counsell and Command;

Quhyle we than, quod he, than,

Ar mindit to remain,

Gife Place now, in case now

Thou get us not again.

LXXII.

ASSURE thyfell, gif that we sched,

Thou fall not get thy Purpose sped,

Tak tent we haif thee tald;

Haif done, and dryve not aff the Day,

The Man that will not quhen he may,

He fall not quhen he wald.

¶

Quhat

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Quhat wald thou do, I wald we wist,

Accept or gife us owre:

Quod I, I think me mair than blist

To find sic famous four

Besyde me, to gyde me,

Now quhen I haif to do,

Considdering the swiddering

Ze fand me first into.

LXXIII.

QUHEN *Courage* craift a Stamok stout,

And *Danger* draif me into *Dout*,

With his Companzion *Dreid*:

Quhys *Will* wald up aboif the Air,

Quhys I was dround in deip *Dispair*,

Quhys *Hope* held up my Heid :

Sic pithy Refouns and Replys

On ilka Syde they schew,

That I quha was not verie wyse

Thocht all thair Tales wer trew

Sae mony and bony

Auld Problemes they propound

Baith quicklie and liklie,

I marveld mekle ond.

LXXIV. ZIT

LXXIV.

ZIT *Hope* and *Courage* wan the Feild,
Thocht *Dreid* and *Danger* neir wald zeild,

But fled to find Refuge;

Swa, fra zou Four met, they wer fain,
Because ze gart us cum again,

They greind to get ze Juge:

Quhair they wer Fugitive befoir,

Zou maid them frank and fre,
To speik and stand in Aw nae moir,

Quod *Reason*, Swa suld be:

Aft Tymes now, bot Crymes now;

But even *per* Force it falls

The Strang ay, with Wrang ay,

Put Weaker to the Walls.

LXXV.

QUHILK is a Fault ze maun confes,

Strength is not ordaind to oppress

With Rigour, bye the richt;

But on the contrair, to sustein

The waik-anes that owreburdent bein,

Als mekle as they micht.

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Sae *Hope* and *Courage* did, quod I,

Experimented lyke

Schaw skilld and pithie Resouns quhy

That *Danger* lap the Dyke.

Quod *Dreid*, Sir, tak heid, Sir,

Lang speiking Part maun spill,

Insist not, ze wist not

We went against our Will.

LXXVI.

WITH *Courage* ze wer sae content,

Ze nevir socht our small Consent,

Of us ze stude nae Aw :

Thair Logick Lessons ze allowt,

Ze wer determined to trowit,

Alledgence past for Law ;

For all the Proverbs we perusd,

Ze thocht them skantly skilld,

Our Reasons had bein als weil rusd,

Had ze bein als weil willd

Till our Syde as zour Syde,

Sae trewlie I may term it,

We see now in thee now

Affection dois affirm it.

LXXVII. Ex.

LXXVII.

EXPERIENCE then smyrkling smyld,

We are na Bairns to be begyld,

Quod he, and schuke his Heid;

For Authors quha alledges us,

They wald not gae about the Bus

To foster deidlie Feid:

For we ar equall for ze all,

Nae Person we respect,

We haif bene sae, ar zit, and sall

Be found sae in Effect.

Gif we wer as ze wer,

We had cumd unrequyrd,

But we now, ze see now,

Do naithing undesyrd.

LXXVIII.

THAIR is a Sentence said be sum,

Let nane uncalld to Counsell cum

That welcum weins to be;

Zea I haif hard anither zit,

Quha cum uncalt, unservd suld sit,

Perhaps, Sir, sae may ze.

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Gudeman, Gramercy for zour Geck,

Quod *Hope*, and lawly louts,

Gif ze wer sent for, we suspect,

Because the Doctour douts:

Zour Zeirs now appeir now

With Wisdom to be vext,

Rejoycing in glossing,

Till ze haif tint zour Text,

LXXIX.

QUHAIR ze wer sent for, let us se

Quha wald be welcomer than we,

Pruve that, and we ar payd.

Weill, quod *Experience*, beware,

Ze ken not in quhat Case ze are,

Zour Tung has zou betrayd:

The Man may ablens tyne a Stot

That cannot count his Kinsch,

In zour awin Bow ze ar owre-schot

Be mair than half ane Inch:

Quha wats, Sir, if that, Sir,

Be four, quhilk seimeth fweir;

I feir now ze heir now

A dangerous Decreit.

LXXX. SIR,

LXXX.

SIR, by that Sentence ze haif sayd,
I pledge, or all the Play be playd,
That sum fall lose a Laike;
Sen ze but put me for to pruve,
Sic heids as help for my Behuve,
Zour Warrant is but waik:
Speir at the Man zour self, and se,
Suppose ze stryve for State,
Gif he regarded not how he
Had learnd my Lesson late;
And granted he wanted
Baith *Reason, Wit, and Skill,*
Compleining and meining
Our Absence did him Ill.

LXXXI.

CONFRONT him further Face to Face,
Gif zit he rews his rackles Race,
Perhaps, and ze fall heir;
For ay since *Adam* and since *Eve*,
Quha first thy Leifings did believe,
I fald thy Doctrine deir:

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Quhat has bein done, even to this Day

I keip in Mynd allmaist,

Ze promise furdur than ze pay,

Sir, hope for all zour Haist;

Præmitting, unwitting,

Zour Hechts zou nevir huiked,

I schaw zou, I knaw zou,

Zour Byganes I haif buiked.

LXXXII.

I could, in Case a Count wer craivt,

Schaw Thoufands Thoufands thou defaivt,

Quhair thou was trew to ane;

And by the contrair I may vaunt,

Quhilk thou maun, thocht it greive thes, grant,

I trumpit nevir a Man,

But trewly tald the nakir Truth

To Men that melld with me,

For nowther Rigour nor for Rueth,

But only laith to lie:

To sum zit, to cum zit,

Thy Suckour will be slicht,

Quhilk I then maun try then,

And register it richt.

LXXXIII. H A,

LXXXIII.

Ha, ha! quod *Hope*, and loudlie leuch,
Ze are but a Prentise at the Pleuch,

Experience ye prieve;

Suppose all Byganes as ze spak,

Ze are nae Prophet worth a Plak,

Nor I bund to believe.

Ze suld not say, Sir, till ze se,

But quhen ye se it say;

Zit, quod *Experience*, at thee

Mak mony Mints I may,

By Signs now, and Things now

Quhilk ay befoir me beirs,

Expressing by gueßing

The Perril that appeirs.

LXXXIV.

THEN *Hope* replyd, and that with Pith,

And wyselic weyd his Words thairwith,

Sententioußlic and short:

Quod he I am the Anchor Grip

That saifs the Sailours and thair Ship,

Frac Perril to thair Port.

Quod

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Quod he, aft times the Anchor dryves,

As we haif fund befoir,

And lofes mony thousand Lyves,

By Shipwrack on the Shore.

Zour Grips aft, but flips aft

Quhen Men haif maift to do,

Syne leivs them and reivs them

Of thy Companzions to.

LXXXV.

THOU leifs them not thy felf alane,

But to thair Grief quhen thou art gane,

Gars Courage quhat them als;

Quod *Hope*, I wald ze understude,

I grip fast gif the Grund be gude,

And fleit quhair it is false;

Ther fuld nae Fault with me be fund;

Nor I accusd at all,

Wyte sic as fuld haif plumd the Grund,

Befoir the Anchor fall,

Their Leid ay at Neid ay,

Micht warn them if they wald,

Gif they thair wald stay thair,

Or haif gude Anchor ha^{ld}.

LXXXVI.

LXXXVI.

GIF ze reid richt it was not I,
But only Ignorance quhairby
Thair Carvells all wer cloven.
I am not for a Trumper tane,
All, quod *Experience*, is ane,
I haif my Procefs proven,
To wit, that we wer cald ilk ane
To cum before we came;
That now Objection ze haif nane,
Zour self may say the same :
Ze ar now owre far now,
Cum forward for to flie;
Persave then ze haif then,
The warst End of the Tric.

LXXXVII.

QUHEN *Hope* was gawd into the Quick,
Quod *Curage*, kicking at the Prick,
We let ze weil to wit.
Mak he zou welcomer than we,
Then Byganes, Byganes, fareweil he,
Except he seik us zit:

He

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He understands his awn Estate,

Let him his Chiftains chuse;

But zit his Battill will be blate,

Gif he our Forfs refuse;

Refuse us or chuse us,

Our Counsell is he clim;

But stay he or stray he,

We haif nae Help for him.

LXXXVIII.

EXCEPT the Cherrie be his Chose;

Be ze his Freinds we are his Foes,

His Doings we dispyte;

Gif we persave him settled sae,

To satisfie him with the Slae,

His Companie we quyte:

Then *Dreid* and *Danger* grew full glad,

And wont that they had won;

They thocht all seild that they had said,

Sen they had first begun;

They thocht then they moucht then,

Without a Party pleid,

But zit thair, with Wit thair,

They wer dung down with Speid.

LXXXIX. Si

LXXXIX.

It is, *Dreid* and *Danger* then, quod *Wit*,

He did zour fells to me submit,

Experience can proife.

That, quod *Experience*, I past,

Thair awin *Confessions* make them fast,

They may nae mair remoise;

For Gif I richt remember me,

This *Maxime* then they made,

To wit, the Man with *Wit* sould wey

Quhat *Philosophs* haif said,

Quhilk *Sentance* *Repentance*

Forbad him deir to buy,

They knew then how trew then,

And presd not to reply.

XC.

THOCHT he dang *Dreid* and *Danger* doun,

Zit *Courage* could not be owrecum;

Hope hecht him sic a Hyre;

He thocht himsell, how sone he saw

His *Enemies* were laid sae law,

It was nae *Tyme* to tyre:

He

He hit the Yron quhyle it was het,

In case it sould grow cauld;

For he esteemt his Faes defate,

Quhen anes he fand them fald;

Thoch we now, quod he now,

Haif bein sae frie and frank,

Unsocht zit he mocht zit,

For Kyndness cund us thank.

XCI.

SUPPOSE it sae as thou hast said,

That unrequyrd we proffert Aid,

At leist that came of Luve.

Experience ze start owre sone,

Ze naithing dow till all be done,

And then perhaps ze pruve,

Mair plain than pleasant to perchance,

Sum tell that have zou tryt,

As fast as ze zour sell advance;

Ze cannot weil denyt:

Abyde then zour Tyde then,

And wait upon the Wind,

Ze knaw Sir, ze aw, Sir,

To hald ze ay behind.

XCII. QUHEN

XCII.

WHEN ze haif done sum duchtie Deids,
ne ze suld se how all succeds,

To wryt them as they wer:

end, huly, haft not half fae fast,
ift, quod *Experience*, at last,

Ze buy my Doctrine deir;

pe puts that Haste into zour Heid,

Quhilk Boyls zour barmy Brain;

owbeit Fulis haft cums huly Speid,

Fair Hechts will mak Fulis fain.

Sic Smyling begyling

Bids feir not any Freits;

Zit I now deny now,

That all is Gold that gleits.

XCIII.

PPROSE not Silver all that shynes,

ymes a tentless Merchand tynes,

For bying Geir begets;

r all the Vantage and the winning,

de Buyers get at the Beginning,

Quod *Courage* nocht the less.

Quhyls

Quhys as gude Merchants tynes as wins,

Gif auld Mens Tales be trew,

Suppose the Pack cum to the Pins,

Quha can his Chance eschew.

Then gude Sir, conclude, Sir,

Gude Buyers haif done baith,

Advance then, tak Chance then,

As fundrie gude Ships hath.

XCIV.

QUHA wist quhat wald be cheip or deir,

Should neid to traffique but a Zeir,

Gif Things to cum were kend:

Suppose all bygane Things be plain,

Zour Prophecie is but prophane,

Ze had best behald the End;

Ze wald accuse me of a Cryme,

Almaist befor we met,

Torment zou not befor the Tyme,

Since Dolour pays nae Det,

Quhats bypast that I past,

Ze wot gif it was weil,

To cum zit by Dume zit,

Confess ze haif nae Feil.

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XCv.

Zi r, quod *Experience*, quhat then,
Quha may be meitest for the *Man*,

Let us his Answer haif;

Quhen they submitted them to *me*;

To *Reason* I was fain to flie,

His Counsell for to craif.

Quod *he*, since ze zoursells submit;

To do as I decreit;

I sall advyse with *Skill* and *Wit*,

Quhat they think may be meit;

They cryd then, we byde then,

At *Reason* for Refuge;

Allow him and trow him,

As Governour and Juge.

XCvi.

Then said they all with ane Consent,

Quhat he concludes we are content

His Bidding to obey;

He hath Authoritie to use,

Then tak his Choice quhom he will chuse,

And langer not delay:

¶

Then

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Then *Reason* raise and was rejoyfd;

Quod he, myne Hearts cum hidder,
I hope this Pley may be compofd,

That we may gang togidder;

To all now I fall now

His proper Place affign,

That they heir fall fay heir,

They think nane uther Thing.

XCVII.

Come on, quod he, Companzion, *Skill*,

Ze understand baith Gude and Ill,

In Phyfick ze are fyne,

Be Mediciner to the Man,

And fchaw sic Cunning as ze can,

To put him out of Pyne;

First gaird the Grund of all his Grief,

Quhat Sicknes ze fufpect,

Syn luke quhat laiks for his Relief,

Or furdur he infeck.

Comfort him, exhort him,

Give him zour gude Advyce,

And pance not, nor skance not,

The Perril nor the Pryce.

XCVIII. THOCH

XCVIII.

THOCH it be cummersom quhat reek,
Find out the Cause by the Effect,

And working of his Veins;
Zit quhyle we grip it to the Grund,
Se first quhat Fashion may be fund,

To pacifie his Pains;
Do quhat ze dow to haif him haile,
And for that Purpose preise,
Cut aff the Cause, the Effect maun sail,
Sae all his Sorrows cease.

His Fever fall nevir

Frae thencefurth haif a Forfs,

Then urge him to purge him,

He will not wax the warse.

XCIX.

QUOTH *Skill*, his Sences are sae sick,
I knaw nae Liquor worth a Leik

To quench his deidlie Drouth,
Except the Cherry Help his Heit,
Quhais sappy Slokning sharp and sweit,
Micht melt into his Mouth,

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And his Melancholie remove,

To mitigate his Mynd,

Nane hailfomer for his Behuve,

Nor of mair cooling Kynd.

Nae *Nectar* directar,

Could all the Gods him give,

Nor send him to mend him,

Nane lyke it I believe.

C.

FOR Drouth decays, as it digests;

Quhy then, quod *Reason*, naithing rests,

But how it may be had?

Maist trew, quod *Skill*, that is the Scope,

Zit we maun haif sum Help of *Hope*.

Quod *Danger* I am red;

His Hastyness bred us Mishap;

Quhen he is highlie horst;

I wifs we lukit or we lap.

Quod *Wit*, that wer not warst.

I mein now convein now

The Counsell ane and all,

Begin thien, call in then;

Quod *Reason*, sac I fall.

CI. THEN

CI.

THEN *Reason* raise with Gesture grave,
Belyve conveyings all the lave,

To heir quhat they wald say,

With Silver Scepter in his Hand,

As Chiftain chosen to command,

And they bent to obey.

He pansed lang befor he spak,

And in a studie stude,

Syne he began and Silenss brak,

Cum on, quod he, conclude

Quhat Way now we may now

Zon Cherrie cum to catch,

Speik our Sirs, about Sirs,

Haif done, let us Dispatch.

CII.

QUOTH *Courage*, skurge him first that skars,

Much Musing Memorie but mars,

I tell zou myne intent,

Quod *Wis*, quha will not partlie panse,

In Perils' perishes perchanse,

Owre rackles may repent.

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Then, quod *Experience*, and spak,

Sir, I haif sein them baith,

In Braidieness and lye aback,

Escape and cum to Skaith :

But quhat now of that now,

Sturt follows all Extreame;

Retain then the Mein then,

The surest Way it seims.

CIII.

QUHAIR sum has furderd, sum has faild;

Quhair Part has perisht, Part prevaild,

Alyke all cannot luck;

Then owther venture with the ane,

Or with the uther let alane,

The Cherrie for to pluck.

Quod *Houp*, for Feir Folk maun not fash,

Quod *Danger* let not licht;

Quod *Wit*, be nowther rude nor rash;

Quod *Reason* ze haif Richt:

The Rest then thocht best then,

Quhen Reason said it sae,

That roundlie and soundlie

They suld togidder gae.

CIV, To

CIV.

To get the Cherrie in all Hast,
As for my Sastie serving maist,
 Tho *Dreid* and *Danger* feird,
The Perril of that irksom Way,
Lest that thairby I fould decay,
 Quha then sae weak appeird:
Zit *Hope* and *Courage* hard besyde,
 Quha with them wont contend,
Did tak in Hand us all to gyde,
 Unto our Journeys End,
 Implaidging and waidging
 Baith twa thair Lyves for myne,
 Provyding the Gyding
 To them were granted syne.

CV.

THEN *Dreid* and *Danger* did appeal,
Alledging it could neir be weil,
 Nor zit wald they agrie;
But said they fould sound thair Retreit,
Because they thocht them nae Ways meit
 Condusters unto me;

Nor to no Man in myne Estate,

With Sicknes fair opprest;

For they tuke ay the neirest Gate,

Omitting of the best.

Thair neirest perqueirest,

Is always to them baith,

Quair they, Sir, may say, Sir,

Quhat recks them of zour Skaith.

CVI.

BUT as for us twa now we sweir

Be him befor we maun appeir,

Our full Intent is now

To haif ze hale, and always was,

That Purpose for to bring to pass,

Sae is not thairs I trow:

Then *Hope* and *Courage* did attest,

The Gods of baith these Parts,

Gif they wrocht not all for the best

Of me with upright Hearts:

Our Chistain then listan

His Scepter did enjoyn

Nae moir thair Uproir there;

And sae there Stryf was done.

CVII. R.E.

CVII.

REBUICKING *Dreid* and *Danger* fair,
Suppose they meint weil evirmair

To me, as they had sworn;
Because thair Nibours they abusit,
In swa far as they had accusit

Them, as ze hard beforne.
Did he not els, quod he, consent
The *Cherrie* for to pou?

Quod *Danger*, We are weil content,

But zit the Manner how?

We fall now, eyin all now,
Get this *Man* with us thair,
It rests then, ands best then
Zour Counsell to declair.

CVIII.

WEIL said, quod *Hope* and *Courage*, now
We thairto will accord with zou,

And fall abyde by them;

Lyk as befoir we did submit,
Sac we repeat the samyn zit,

We mynd not to reclaim:

Quhome

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Quhome they sall chuse to gyde the Way,

We sall them follow straight,

And furder this Man, quhat we may,

Because we haif sae hecht;

Promitting, bot sitting,

To do the Thing we can,

To pleise baith, and eise baith

This silly sickly Man.

CIX.

QUHEN Reason heard this, then, quod he,

I se zour cheifest Stay to be,

That we haif namd nae Gyde:

The worthy Counsell hath therfoir,

Thocht gude that Witt fuld gae befoir,

For Perrills to provyde.

Quod Witt, Ther is but ane of thre,

Quhilk I sall to ze schaw,

Quhair of the first twa cannot be,

For ony thing I know:

The Way heir sae stey heir,

Is that we cannot clim,

Evin owre now, we four now,

That will be hard for him.

CX. THE

CX.

THE next, gif we gae doun about,
Quhyle that this Bend of Craigs rin out,

The Streim is thair fae stark,

And also passeth waiding deip,

And braider far than we dow leip,

It suld be ydle Wark :

It grows ay braider to the Sea,

Sen owre the Lin it came,

The rinning Deid dois signifie

The Deipness of the same :

I leive now to deive now,

How that it swiftly flyds,

As sleiping and creiping,

But Nature fae provyds.

CXI.

OUR Way then lyes about the Lin,

Quhairby I warrand we fall win,

It is fae straight and plain,

The Watter allso is fae schald,

We fall it pass, evin as we wald,

With Pleisour, and bot Pain :

For

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For as we se a Mischeif grow

Aft of a feckles Thing,

Sae lykways dois this River flow

Forth of a prettie Spring;

Quhois Throt, Sir, I wot, Sir,

Ze may stap with zour Neive,

As zou, Sir, I trow, Sir,

Experience can preive.

CXII.

THAT, quod *Experience*, I can,

And all ze said sen ze began,

I ken to be a Truth.

Quod *Skill*, The samyn I apruve;

Quod *Reason*, Then let us remuve, 'I

And sleip nae mair in Sleuth:

Witt and *Experience*, quod he,

Sall gae befoir a Pace,

The *Man* fall cum with *Skill* and *ma*

Into the second Place;

Attowre now zou Four now

Sall cum into a Band,

Procciding and leiding

Ilk uther be the Hand.

CXIII. A:

CXIII.

As Reason ordert, all obeyd,
Nane was owre rasch, nane was affrayd,
Our Counsell was sae wyse,
As of our Journey, *Witt* did note,
We fand it trew in ilka Jot,
God blis the Enterpryse:
For evin as we came to the Tree,
Quhilk as ze heard me tell,
Could not be clum thair suddenlie,
The Fruit, for Rypeness, fell;
Quhilk haisting and taisting,
I fand my self reliev'd
Of Cairis all and Sairs all
That Mynd and Body griev'd.

CXIV.

PRAISE be to GOD my LORD thairfoir,
Quha did myne Helth to me restoir,
Being sae lang Tyme pynd;
And blessed be His haly Name,
Quha did frae Deith to Lyfe reclaim,
Me quha was sae unkynd.

174 *The Cherrie and the Slae.*

All Nations allso magnifie

This evirliving LORD,

Lat me with zou, and zou with me,

To laud Him ay accord;

Quhois Luv ay we pruve ay

To us abunc all Things,

And kifs Him and blifs Him,

Quhois Glore eternall rings.

F I N I S.



THE



THE

*Justing and Debate up at the Doun,
Betwixt William Adamson and John Sym.*

I.

TH^E grit Debate and Turnament,
Of Truth, nae Tongue can tell,
Was for a lusty Lady gent,
Betwixt twa Frieks sae fell;
For *Mars* the God armipotent
Was not sae ferfs himsell,
Nor *Hercules*, that Aiks uprent,
And dang the Deil of Hell
With Horns that Day.

II. DOUBT-

II.

DOUBTLES was not sic duchty Deids
 Amangst the dowfy Peirs,
 Nor zit nae Clerk in Story reids
 Of sae triumphand Weirs;
 To se hou stoutly on thair Steids
 The stalwart Knychtis steirs,
 Quhyle Bellies bair with brodding bleids
 With Spurs as scherp as Breirs,
 And kene that Day.

III.

UP at the *Down* the Day was set,
 And fixed was the Feild,
 Quher baith thir noble Chiftains met
 Enarmit under Schield;
 They wer sae hasty and sae het,
 That nane of them wad zield,
 But to debait, or be doun bait,
 And in the Quarrell kield,
 Or slane that Day.

IV. THERE

IV.

THERE was ane better and ane worfs,

I wald that it were wittin,

For *William* wichtar was of Corfs

Than *Sym*, and better knittin.

Sym said, He fet nocht by his Forfs,

But hecht he suld be hittin,

And he micht counter *Will* on Horfs,

For *Sym* was better fittin

Nor *Will* that Day.

V.

To see the Stryfe came Zonkers stout,

And mony a galziart Man,

All Dainties deir was thair bot Dour,

The Wyne on broch it ran:

Trumpetts and Schalims, with a Schour,

Playd or the Rink began,

And equal Juges sat about

To see quha tint or wan

The Field that Day.



VI. WITH

VI.

WITH twa blunt Truncher-Speirs squair,
 It was their Interprise,
 To fecht with baith their Faces bair,
 For Luve, as is the Gyfe;
 A Friend of theirs, throu hap cam thair,
 And heard the Roumor ryfe,
 He stall away their Stings baith clair,
 And hid in secreet Wayes,
 For Skaith that Day.

VII.

STRANG Men of Armes and mickle Micht,
 Wer set them for to furdur;
 The Harald cryd, GOD schaw the richt,
 Syn bad them go togidder.
 Quhair is my Speir? says Sym the Knicht,
 Sum Man go bring it hidder;
 But wald they tarry thair all Nicht,
 Thair Launces cam too liddir
 And slaw that Day.

VIII. *SRM*

VIII.

SYM flew as fery as a Fown,
Down frae the Horse he fald,
Says, He fall rew my Staff has stown;
For I fall be his Deid.
William his Vow plicht to the Powin;
For Favour or for Feid,
Als gude the Trie had nevir grown,
Quherof my Speir was maid
To just this Day.

IX.

THIR Vows now maid to Sun and Mune;
They railkit baith to rest,
Them to refresch with their Disjune,
And aff their Armour kiest;
Not knowing of the Deid was done,
Quhen they fuld haif fawn best,
The Fyre was pischt out lang or Nune,
Their Denner fuld haif drest,
And dieht up at the Dawn that Day.

X.

THEN wer they movit out of Mynd,
 Far mair than of beforne,
 They wist not hou to get him pynd,
 That them had driven to Scorn:
 Ther was nae Death micht be devynd,
 But braid Aithis haif they sworn,
 He suld deir buy be they had dynd,
 And ban that he was born,
 Up at the *Down* that Day.

XI.

THEN to *Dalkieth* they maid them boun,
 Reid-wod of this Reproach,
 There was baith Wyne and Venison,
 And Barrells ran on brotch.
 They band up Kyndnes in that Toun;
 Nane frae his Feir to forch,
 For there was nowther Lad nor Loun
 Micht eat a Bakin-lotch
 For Fowness, up at *Dalkieth* that Day.

XII. SYNE

XII.

SYNE after Denner raise the Din,
And all the Toun on Steir,
William was wyse, and held him in,
For he was in a Feir.
Sym to haif Bargain could not blin,
But bukkit *Will* on Weir,
Says, Gif thou wald this Lady win,
Cum furth and break a Speir
With me, up at *Dalkieth* this Day,

XIII.

THUS still for Bargin *Sym* abydes,
And schoutit *Will* to Schame,
Will saw his Faes on baith the Sydes,
Full fair he dred for Blame:
Will schortly to his Horse he flydes,
And says to *Sym* be Name,
Better we baith were buyand Hydes
And Wedder Skins at hame,
Nor here, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

XIV.

Now is the Grume that was ſae grim
 Richt glad to live in Lie,
 Fy, Thief, for Schame, cryes litle Sym,
 Wilt thou not fecht with me!
 Thou art mair large of Lyth and Lim,
 Nor I am be ſic thrie:
 And all the Field cryd, Fy on him,
 Sae cowardly tuke the Flie
 For Feir, up at *Dalkieth* that Day.

XV.

THEN every Man gave *Will* a Mock,
 And ſaid, He was owre mick.
 Says Sym, Send for thy Brither *Jock*,
 I ſall not be to ſiek;
 For were ze fourſum in a Flock,
 I compt ze not a Lick,
 Tho I had naithing but a Rok
 To gar zour Rumples reik
 Behind, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

XVI. THERE

XVI.

THERE was richt nocht but haif and gae,
With Lauchter loud they leuch,
Quhen they saw *Sym* sic Courage tae,
And *Will* mak it fae teuch:
Sym lap on Horfe-back lyke a Rae,
And ran him till a Heuch,
Says, *William*, cum ryde down this Brae,
Thocht ze suld brek a Beugh,
For Lufe, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

XVII.

SYNE down the Brae *Sym* braid lyke Thunder,
And bad *Will* follow fast;
To Grund, for Feircenes, he did funder,
Be he Mid-hill had past.
William saw *Sym* in sic a Blunder,
To gae he was agast;
For he affeird, it was nae Wonder
His Coursfour suld him cast,
And hurt him up at *Dalkieth* that Day.

XVIII.

THEN all the Zonkers bad him zield,
 Or doun the Glen to gang;
 Sum cryd the Couard ſuld be kield,
 Sum doun the Cleuch they thrang;
 Sum ruſchd, ſum rumbled, and ſum rield,
 Sum be the Bewis hie hang:
 Thair Avers fyld up all the Field,
 They were ſae fou and pang,
 With Eiſe, up at *Dalkieth* that Day.

XIX.

THEN jelly *John* came in a Jak,
 To Field quhair he was feid it,
 Abune his Brand a Buckler black,
 Bail fell tbe Bairn that baid it;
 He ſlipit ſwiftly to the Slak,
 And rudly doun he raid it,
 Before his Curpall was a Crak,
 Could nae Man tell quha maid it,
 For Lauchter, up at *Dalkieth* that Day.

XX. BE

XX.

BE than the Bougil gan to blaw,
For Nicht had them owretane:
Alace, said *Sym*, for faut of Law,
That Bargin get I nane.
Thus hame with mony a Crack and Flaw
They passed every ane,
Syne partit at the *Potter-Raw*,
And findry Gaits are gane,
To rest them within the Toun that Nicht.

XXI.

THIS *Will* was he beguild the *May*,
And did hir Marriage spill;
He promist hir to let him play,
Hir Purpose to fulfill;
Frae scho fell fow, he fled away,
And came nae mair hir till;
Quherfore he tint the Feild that Day,
And tuke him to a Mill,
To hyde him as a Coward false of Fay.

Finis, quod Scot.



On M A Y.

I.

MAY is a Month maist amene
 For them in *Venus* Service bene,
 To recreate their heavy Hearts:
May causes Courage frae the Splene,
 And evry Thing in *May* reverts.

II.

In *May* the pleasant Spray upsprings,
 In *May* the mirthful Maveis sings,
 And now in *May* to Maidens' falls,
 With Tymmer Wechts to trip and Rings,
 And to play Upcoil with the Balls.

III.

In *May* gois Gallants bring in Symmer,
 And trymmly occupy their Tymmer,
 With hunt up evry Morning Plaid:
 In *May* gois Gentlewomen gymmer,
 In Gardens grene their Grumes to glade.

IV.

IN May quhen Men zied everichone,
With Robene Hoid and Littil-John,
To bring in Bows and birkin Bobbyns;
Now all sic Game is fastlings gone,
But gif it be amangs clovin Robbyns.

V.

ABBOTTS by Rule, and Lords bot Reason,
Sic Senzeors Tymes owerweil this Season,
Upon thair Vyce war lang to waik;
Quhen falsit Feiblenets and Treason,
Has rung thryfs owre this Zodiack.

VI.

IN May begins the Gowk to gail;
In May Deir draw to Doun and Dale,
In May Men mells with Famynic,
And Ladys meit their Luvairs leil,
Quhen Phebus is in gemini.

VII.

BUTTER, new Cheise, and Beir in May,
Connans, Cockles, Cruds and Whey,
Lapsters, Lempets, Mussels in Shells,
Greinleiks, and all sic Men may sey,
Suppose sum of them fourly smells.

VIII. IN

VIII.

IN *May* grit Men within thir Bounds,
 Sum hawks the Walters, sum with Hounds,
 The Hares out throw the Forest catches,
 Syne after them thair Ladeis Sounds,
 To scent the Rynning of the Ratches.

IX.

IN *May* frank Archers will affix
 Ane Place to meit, syne Marrows mix,
 To schute at Butts, at Banks and Braes,
 At Revers sum, sum at the Priks,
 Sum laich and to beneth the Clais.

X.

IN *May* Men of Amours fuld gae
 To serve their Ladies and nae mae;
 Sen thair Relief in Ladies lyes;
 For sum may cum in Favour fae,
 To kifs their Luve on *Buchan* Ways.

XI.

IN *May* gois Damofells and Dams
 In Gardens grein to play lyke Lamms;
 Sum at the Bars imbrace like Billers;
 Sum rin at Barlabreiks like Rams,
 Sum round about the standing Pillars.

XII.

IN May gois Maidens till *La Reit*,
 And hes their Mynzeons on the Streit,
 To horse them quhair the Gate is rucht:
 Sum at *Inchbuckling-brae* they meit,
 Sum in the Mids of *Musselbrugh*.

XIII.

So May and all thir Moneths three,
 Are het and dry in thair Degrie;
 Therefore ye wanton Men in Zouth,
 For Health of Body now haif ze,
 Not aft to mell with *thankles Mouth*.

XIV.

SEN evry Pastyme is at Pleasure,
 I council you to sport with Measure,
 And namely now *May, June and July*,
 Delyt not lang in Luvers Leafure,
 But weit your Lipps and labour huly.

Quod ALEX. SCOT.

JOHNIE



JOHNIE ARMSTRANG

SUM speiks of Lords, sum speiks of Lairds,
 And siclyke Men of hie Degrie,
 Of a Gentleman I sing a Sang,
 Sumtyme calld Laird of *Gilnockie*.

THE King he wrytes a luying Letter
 With his ain Hand sae tenderly,
 And he hath sent it to *Johny Armstrong*,
 To cum and speik with him speidily.

This is the true old Ballad, never printed before, of the famous *John Armstrong* of *Gilnockhall* in *Liddisdaile*, a Head of a numerous Clan and Faction, who used to pass over in Troops to *England*, making continual Incurfions, and taking much Plunder in the bordering Parts. See an Account of his being taken and executed, with many of his Followers (in his own Country, not contending with the Prince at *Edinburgh*, as the vulgar Ballad falsely narrates in *Buchanan's History* of *JAMES* the Vth, about the Year 1530. This I copied from a Gentleman's Mount of the Name of *Armstrong*, who is the 6th Generation from this *John*. He tells me this was ever esteemd the genuine Ballad, the common one, false.

THE Eliots and Armstrangs did convene;

They were a gallant Company,

Weill ryde and meit our lawful King,

And bring him safe to Gilnockie.

LAKE Kinnen and Capon ready then,

And Venison in great Plenty,

Weill welcome Hame our Royal King,

I hope heill dyne at Gilnockie.

THEY ran their Horse on the *Langum Houn,*

And brake their Speirs with mekle main;

The Ladys lukit frae their lost Windows,

GOD bring our Men weill back again.

WHEN Johny came before the King,

With all his Men fac brave to see,

The King he movit his Bonnet to him,

He weind he was a King as well as He.

TAKE I find Grace, my Sovereign Liege,

Grace for my loyal Men and me;

For my Name it is *Johny Armstrang,*

And Subject of yours, my Liege, said he.

Away

Away, away, thou Traytor Strang,

Out of my Sicht thou mayst sune be,

I grantit nevir a Traytors Lyfe,

And now Ill not begin with thee.

GRANT me my Lyfe my Liege, my King,

And a bony Gift I will give to thee,

Full Four and Twenty Milk whyt Steids,

Were a foald in a Zeir to me.

I'll gie thee all these Milk whyt Steids,

That prance and nicher at a Speir,

With as mekle gude *Inglis* Gilt,

As four of their braid Backs dow beir:

Away, away thou Traytor, &c.

GRANT me my Lyfe, my Liege, my King,

And a bony Gift I'll gie to thee,

Gude Four and twenty ganging Mills,

That gang throw a the Zeir to me.

These Four and twenty Mills complete,

Sall gang for thee throw all the Zeir,

And as mekle of gude reid Quheit,

As all thair Happers dow to bear.

Away

Away, away thou Traytor, &c.

GRANT me my Lyfe, my Liege, my King,
And a great Gift Ill gie to thee,
Bauld Four and Twenty Sisters Sons,
Sall for thee fecht tho all sould flee.

Away, away thou Traytor, &c.

GRANT me my Lyfe, my Liege, my King,
And a brave Gift Ill gie to thee;
All betwene heir and *Newcastle Town*,
Sall pay thair zeirly Rent to thee.

Away, away thou Traytor, &c.

ZE leid, ze leid now, King, he says,
Althocht a King and Prince ze be;
For I luid naithing in all my Lyfe,
I dare well sayit but Honesty:
But a fat Horfe and a fair Woman,
Twa bony Dogs to kill a Deir;
But *Ingland* suld haif found me Meil and Mak,
Gif I had livd this hundred Zeir.

SCHO suld haif found me Meil and Malt;
 And Beif and Mutton in all Plentie;
 But neir a *Scots* Wyfe could haif said,
 That eir I skaithd her a pure Flie.
 To seik het Water beneath cauld Yce,
 Surely it is a great Folie;
 I haif asked Grace at a graceless Face,
 But there is nane for my Men and me.

BUT had I kend or I came frae Hame,
 How thou unkynd wadst bene to me,
 I wad haif kept the Border Syde,
 In spyte of all thy Force and thee.
 Wist *Englands* King that I was tane,
 O gin a blyth Man wald he be;
 For anes I slew his Sisters Son,
 And on his Breist-bane brak a Tree.

JOHN wore a Girdle about his Midle,
 Imbroiderd owre with burning Gold,
 Bespangled with the same Mettle,
 Maist beautifull was to behold.

Ther

Ther hang nine Targats at Johnys Hat,
And ilk an worth Three hundred Pound,
What wants that Knaive that a King suld haif,
But the Sword of Honour and the Crown.

O quhair gat thou these Targats, Johnie,
That blink sae brawly abune thy Brie?
Gat them in the Field fechting,
Quher, cruel King, thou durst not be.
Had I my Horfe and my Harnes gude,
And Ryding as I wont to be,
It suld haif bene tald this hundred Zeir,
The Meiting of my King and me.

GOD be withee, *Kirsty*, my Brither,
Lang live thou Laird of *Mangertoun*;
Lang mayst thou dwell on the Border-Syde,
Or thou se thy Brither ryde up and down.
And GOD be withee, *Kirsty*, my Son,
Quhair thou sits on thy Nurfes Knee;
But and thou live this Hundred Zeir,
Thy Fathers better thoult never be.

FARWEIL, my bonny *Gilnockhall*,
 Quhair on *Esk* syde thou standest stout,
 Gif I had lived but seven Zeirs mair,
 I wald haif gilt thee round about.
John muredred was at *Carlinrigg*,
 And all his galant Companie;
 But *Scotland's* Heart was never sae wae,
 To see sae mony brave Men die.

BECAUSE they savd their Country deir
 Frae *Englishmen*; nane were sae bauld,
 Quhyle *Johnie* livd on the Border-syde,
 Nane of them durst cum neir his Hald.



Of be
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Lan



*Of beidstrang Zouth ill to command,
Advysd to keip a Hank in Hand.*

O Gallants all, I cry and call,
Keip Strenth, quhyle that ze haif it,
Repent ze fall, quhan ze are thrall,
Frac Tyme the Dub be lavit.
With wanton Zouth tho' ze be cowth,
With Courage hie on lost;
Suppose great Drouth cum in zour Mouth,
Beware drink not owre aft,

Tak but at List, suppose ze thirst,
Zour Mouth at Leasure cule,
Zour Mynd solist weil to resist,
Langer lests Zeir than Zule,

198 *Advyce to a headstrong Zouth.*

Tho ze ryd fast, cast not owre aft
 Zour Speir into the Reift,
 With Stuff uncoft, fet upon loft,
 Enouch is even a Feist.

IN *Cupids* Grace suppose ze trace,
 Thinkand zour sell abune,
 Ze may percase cast *Daweis* Ace, !
 And sae be lotchit fune.
 Frae Tyme ze stank into the Bank,
 And Drypoynt cumis in Play ;
 Ze tyne the Thank, Man, hald a Hank,
 Or all be past away.

FRAE thou rin tume, as I presume,
 Thou has baith Skaith and Scorn,
 Thee to consume with Fyre allume,
 That Bourd may be forborn.
 Far in that Play, I suthly say, I
 Gude Will is not allowit ;
 Gif thou nocht may, gae Way, gae Way,
 Then art thou all forhowit.

CONSIDDERANCE has no Luvance,

Frae thou be bair thairben,

At that Semblance, is no Plesance,

Quhen pithles grows thy Pen.

Quhen thou has done thy Det abune,

Forfochten in the Feild,

Scho will say, fune get thee an Spune.

Adieu, baith Speir and Sheild.

FRAE thou inlaiks to lay on Straiks,

Frae Hyne, my Son, *adieu*;

Than thy Roum vaiks, an uther takes

That Solace to persue.

Quhyle Brauns are big, abune to lig,

Gude is in Tyme to cease;

To tar and tig, fyn Grace to thig,

That is a pityous Preis.

THEREFORE bewar, hald the on far,

Sic Chafwair for to prys,

To tig and tar, then get the War,

It is ill Merchandyse.

200 *Advyce to a headstrong Zoutb.*

Mak thou nae Vant, owre aft to hant
In Places dern thair down,
Frae Tyme thou want, that Stuff is scant
To borrow in the Toun.

Few Honour wins into that Inns,
For shuiking at the Schells,
Out of zour Shins the Substance rins,
They get no Genzell Ells.
In Tyme let be, I counsell thee,
Use not that offerand Stok;
Quhen thee they see, they bleir thyne Ec,
And mak at thee a Mok.

Tho thou suppose haif at thy Chois,
I red thee for the Nains;
Keip Stuff in Pose, tyne not thy hois,
Wair not all in that wains.
Frae Tyme scho see under thyne Ec,
The Brawn away it munts:
Thy Game and Glee gains nocht for thee,
Thou maun let be sic Hunts.

FRAE thou luke cheft, *adieu* that Faist,
To hunt into that Schaw,
Quhen on that Beift at thy requeift,
Thy Kennets will not kaw.
Within that Stoup frae Tyme thou fowp,
And Wirdis to be fweir,
And makes a Stop, when they fould hop,
Adieu the Thriffil deir.

THEREFORE albeit thy Hounds haif fpeid
To rin owre aft let be,
In thy maift Neid fometyne bot Dreid,
They will rebuted be ;
Owre aft to hound in uncouth Ground,
Thou may tak up unbatit:
Therefore had bound thocht fcho be found ;
Or dreid thy Dogs be flaitit.

SCHO is not ill that fureth still,
Perfewed in the Sait,
That Beift fcho will give thee thy fill,
Till thou be even Chakmait.

202 *Advyce to a headstrong Zentb.*

Suppose thou range owre all the Grange,
And seik baith Syke and Sewch;
Still will scho menge, and make it strenge,
And give thee even eneuch.

THER WITH advyse, suppose scho ryse,
Laich underneth thy Fute;
But be thou wyse, scho will surpryse
Thy Hounds and them rebute.
In Tyme abyde, the Feilds are wyde,
I counsell thee, gude Bruther;
Ill is the Gyde that fails bot Tyde,
Synce rackless is the Ruthur.

HUNTERS, adieu, gif ze persue
To hunt at evry Beist,
Ze will it rew, ther is anew,
Thairto haif ze no Haste.
With an O and an I, ze Hunters all and Sum,
Quhen best is Play, pass hame away,
Or Dreid, War after cum.

Quod BALNEVIS.

The



*The blate Luvair that fain wad,
but fears to speik.*

I.

MY Heart is lost only for Luv of one,
For Laik of Speich, and all for Shamefulness,
I dare not speik my Purpose to propone,
Nor wat not how my Purpose I fall dress ;
Speik I till hir and scho be mercylefs,
And denzie not again to speik to me,
Then haif I tint my Speiking mair and less,
An unsped Speich had better unspoken be.

II.

I dar not speik for Dreid that scho dispyt!
My rural Terms, and say I do but raif,
And speik I not unto my Lady quhyte,
Withouten Speich hir Luv I cannot haif:
But gif I speik, quhat can I of hir craif?
I spare to speik for laik of Eloquence;
O couth scho without Speich my Synis persais,
I wald nocht speik to hir Magnificens.

III. FAIN

III.

FAIN wald I speik, gif Speiking nicht avail,
 Gif scho for Speich wald speik to me again:
 I spare to speik for spilling of my Tale,
 Then I my speiking spendit haif in vain:
 To speik and speid not is an lestand Pain.
 How fall I speik? I dare not speik for Dreid;
 Be it gude or ill, scho speiks to me again,
 Zit fall I speik, unspoken can nocht speid.

IV.

QUHAT fall I speik, sen I maun speik on foris
 To hir that is of Speich maist eloquent?
 Then I fall speik, how that my cairful Corfs
 Throw laik of Speich tholes Day and Hour Torment
 Cause I cannot tell hir my hail Intent,
 For want of Speich and ornat Termis plain,
 Beseiking hir with speiking reverent,
 That scho wald speik to comfort me again.

Quod STEWART.

L U V E

LOVE a Leveler.

I.

LOVE pryfis, bot Comparifon,
The Gentill and the Sempill all,
And of Free-will gives Warefon,
As Fortune chances to befall;
For Love maks nobill Ladyis thrall
To bafier Men of Birth and Blude,
Sae Love gars fobir Women fmall
Find Favour with grit Men of Gude.

II.

FIRM Love for Favour, Feir or Feid,
Of rich nor pure to fpeik fuld fpair;
For Love to Hienes hes nae Heid,
Nor lichtlys Lawlines ane Hair,
But puts all Perfons in compair;
This Proverb plainly for to pruve,
That Men and Women, lefs and mair,
Ar cumd of *Adam* and of *Eve*.

III. SAE

III.

SAE thocht my Liking wer a Lady,
 And I nae Lord, zit nocht the less,
 Scho fuld my Service fynd als redy,
 As Duke to Dutches docht him dress;
 For as hie Princely Luve express,
 Is to haif Soverenitie,
 Sae Service cums of Simpilness,
 And lielest Luve of law Degrie.

IV.

So Luvaris Lair no Leid fuld lak,
 A Lord to luve a sempill Lafs,
 A Lady als for Luve to tak
 Ane proper Page hir Tyme to pass;
 For quhy, as bricht bene birnist Brass,
 As Silver wrocht in all Devyce,
 And als gude drinking out of Glas
 As Gold, thocht Gold gife gritter Pryce.

*Quod Scot.**The*



The Floure of Womanheid.

I.

T Hou Well of Vertew, Floure of Womanheid,
 And Patroness of hevinly Patiens,
 Lady of Lawty baith in Word and Deid,
 Sobir, serene, full of meik Eloquens,
 Baith gude and fair: To zour Magnificens
 I recommend, as I haif done befoir,
 My sempill Heart for now and evirmoir.

II.

For evirmoir I fall zour Service mak,
 Sen, as befoir, into my Mynd I made,
 When first I knew zour Ladyship, bot Lak,
 All Bewtie, Zouth and Womanheid ze had,
 Withouten Rest my Heart couth not evade.
 Thus am I zours, and ay sensyne haif bene
 Commandit therto by zour twa fair Enc.

III. ZOUR

III.

ZOUR twa fair Ene maks me aft fyis to sing,
 Zour twa fair Ene maks me to sich also,
 Zour twa fair Ene maks me grit comforting,
 Zour twa fair Ene is Wyt of all my Wo,
 Zour twa fair Ene will not ane Heart let go,
 But links him fast that gets a Sicht of them,
 Of every Vertew bricht ze beir the Name.

IV.

ZE beir the Name of Gentilnefs of Blude,
 Ze beir the Name, that mony for ze dies,
 Ze beir the Name, ze are baith fair and gude,
 Ze beir the Name of every Sweit can pleis,
 Ze beir the Name, Fortune and zou agreis,
 Ze beir the Name of Lands of lenth and breid,
 The Well of Vertew and Floure of Womanheid.





Donald Owys *Epitaph.*

I.

IN Vyce maist vicious he excells,
 That with the Vyce of Treasoun mells;
 Thocht he Remission
 Haif for Prodiſſion,
 Schame and Suspiffion
 Ay with him dwells.

II.

HE evir odious as ane Howle;
 The Falt ſae filthy is and foul,
 Horrible to Nature
 Is ane Traytour,
 As Feynd in *Frater*,
 Undir a Coul.



III. QVNA

III.

QUHA is a Traytour or a Theif,
Upon himsell turns the Mischeif;

His fraudfull Wylis
Himsell begylis,
As in the Ylis

Is now a Preif.

IV.

THE fell strong Traytour *Donald Owyr*,
Mair Falsct had nor udir four,

Round Ylis and Seis
In his Suplies,
On Gallow Treis

Zit dois he glowir.

V.

FALSET nae Feit hes, nor Defens
Be Practick, Powir nor Pussiens,

Thocht it frae Licht
Be smoid frae Sicht,
God schawis the Richt
With soir Vengens.

Donald Owyr's *Epitaph*.

211

VI.

Of the fals Fox diffimulator

Kynde, is ilka Theif and Traytour;

After Respyte

To mak Despyte,

Mair Appytyte

He has of Nature.

VII.

WER the Tod tane a thousand Faud,

And Grace him given as aft for Fraud;

Wer he on Plane,

All wer in vain,

Frae Henns again

Micht nane him had.

VIII.

THE Murtherer ay Murther mais,

And ay till he be slane he slays;

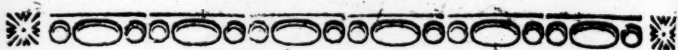
Wyvis thus mak Mokks

Spynand on Roks.

Ay rynns the Fox

Quhyle he Fute hes.

Quod DUNBAR.



COMPARISONE.

THE Bramble growis, althocht it be obscure,
 Quhylis Mountane Cederis tholes the bou-
 steous Winds;

And myld *Plebyan* Spirits may leif secure,
 Quhylis mighty Tempestis tofs Imperial Mynds.

*The Solsequium, or the Lover com-
 pairing himself to Sun-Flowir.*

I.

LYK as the dum *Solsequium* with Cair owrecome
 Dois sorrow, quhen the Sun gois out of Sicht
 Hings down his Heid, and droupis as deid, and will
 not spreid,

But lukis his Levis throw Langour all the Nicht
 Till fulisch *Phaeton* aryse with Quhip in Hand

To purge the Christal Skyis, and licht the Land
 Birds in thair Bower wait on that Hour,

And to thair King ane glade Gudemorrow giv
 Frae than that Flowir lifts not to lour,

But lauchs on *Phebus* lowsing out his Leivs.

II. SW

II.

SWA stands with me, except I be quhair I may se
My Lamp of Licht, my Lady and my Luve,
Frae scho depairts, a thousand Dairts in findry Airts
Thirle thruch my heavy Heart, bot Rest or Ruve,
My Countenance declairs my inward Greif,
And Howp almaist dispairs to find Releif.

I die, I dwyne, Play dois me pyne,
I loth on every Thing I luke, allace!
Till *Titian* myne upon me schyne,
That I revive thruch Favour of hir Face.

III.

FRAE scho appeir, into hir Sphere begins to cleir
The Dawing of my lang desyrit Day,
Then Courage cryis on Howp to ryse, quhen he espyis
The noysum Nicht of Absens went away;
No Noyis, frae I awalke, can me impesche,
But on my staitly Stalk I flurische fresche,
I spring, I sprout, my Leivs ly out,
My Collour changis in ane hairtsum Hew;
Na mair I lout, but stand up stout,
As glad of hir for quhome I only grew.

IV.

O happy Day! go not away, *Apollo* stay
 Thy Chair frae going doun unto the West,
 Of me thou mak thy *Zodiak*, that I may tak
 My Plesour to behald quhome I luvè best:
 Thy Presens me restoris to Lyfe from Deth,
 Thy Absens lykways schoris to cut my Breth;
 I wis in vain thee to remain,
 Sen *primum mobile* says me always nay,
 At leist thy Wane bring fune again,
 Fareweil with *Patiens per Fors* till Day.

Quod MONTGOMERY.

The First PSCHALME.

I.

WEIL is the Man,
Zea blifit than,

Be Grace that can

Eschew ill Counsale and the godless Gaits,

Quha walks not in

The Way of Sin,

Nor dois begin

To fit with Mokkaris in thair schamefull Saits,

But in JEHOVAHS Law

Delyts aricht,

And studys it to knaw

Baith Day and Nicht.

That Man fall be lyke to ane Tre

That plantit by the ryning River grows,

Quhilk Fruit dois beir in Tyme of Zeir,

Quhais Leivis fall nevir fade, nor Rute unlowse.

II.

HIS Actions all
 Ay prosper fall:
 So fall not fall

To wicket Men; but as the Calf and Sand,
 Quhilk Day by Day
 Winds dryve away;
 Thairfore I say

The wicket in thair Jugment fall not stand,
 Nor Sinners cum nae mair,
 Quhome GOD dildains,
 In the Assembly quhair
 The Just remains.

For quhy? The LORD quha beirs Record,
 He knows the richteous Conversation ay,
 But godles Gaits, quhilk he so haits,
 Sall quickly perreifs, and bot Dout decay.





The Twenty third P S C H A L M E.

I.

THE LORD maist hie,
I knaw will be

An Hird to me,

I cannot lang haif Strefs, nor stand in Neid;

He maks my Lair,

In Feilds maist fair,

Quhair I bot cair,

Reposing at my Pleasure safely feid,

He sweitly me convoyis

To pleisand Springs,

Quhair naething me anoyis,

But Pleasour brings:

He brings my Mynd, fit to sic Kynd,

That Fors or Feir of Fac cannot me grieve:

He dois me leid in perfyt Freid,

And for his Name he will me nevir leive.

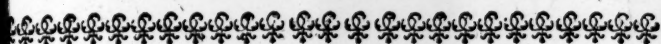
II. THOCHT

218 *The Twenty third Pschalm.*

II.

THOCHT I wald stray,
Ilk Day by Day,
In deidly Way,
Zit will I not dispair, I feir none ill ;
For quhy thy Grace,
In every Place,
Dois me imbrace,
Thy rod and Shiphirds Cruke comfort me still.
In dispyt of my Foes,
My Tabill grows,
Thou balmis my Heid with Joy,
My Cup owreflows.
Kyndnes and Grace, Mercy and Peice,
Sall follow me for all my wretched Days,
And me convoy to endles Joy
In Hevin, quhair I fall be with thee always.

These two Pschalmes quod MONTGOMERY



*A Discription of Pedder Coffes
their having no Regard to Ho-
nesty in their Vocation.*

I.

IT is my Purpose to discryve
This holy perfyte Genologie
Of Pedder Knaves superlatyve,
Pretendand to Authoritie,
That wate of nocht but Beggartie:
Ze Burges Sons, prevene thir Louns,
That wald distroy Nobilitie,
And baneifs it all Borrows Towns.

II.

THEY are declarit in seven Parts,
Ane stroppit Coffe, quhen he begins,
Ay sornand all and findry Arts,
To buy up Hens reidwod he rins;
Syne locks them up into his Inns,
Waiting a Derth, and sells their Eggs,
Regretandly onf them he winns,
And secondly his Meit he beggs.

III. ANE

220 *A Discription of Pedder Coffes.*

III.

ANE Swyngeor Coffe amangst the Wyves,
In Landwart dwells with subtile Meins,
Exponand to them auld Saints Lives,
And fains them syne with Deid Mens Bains;
Like Rome-rakers with awsterne Grains,
Speikand Cur-lyke ilk an till uther,
Peipand puirly with pityous Manes,
Lyke fenzeit *Symmie* and his Brother.

IV.

THIR currish Coffes that fails owre sune,
And Thretiesum about a Pack,
With bair blew Bonnets and hobeld Shune,
And Beir Bannocks with them they tak,
The schamleis Shrews, GOD gie them lak,
At Nunc quhen Merchants make guid Cheir,
Steil down and ly behind a Sack,
Drinkand but Dreggs and barmy Beir.

V.

KNAVATICK Coffe, miskens himsell,
Quhen he gets on a furrit Goun;
But, *Lucifer* the Laird of Hell,
Is not less haly than that Loun;

A Discription of Pedder Coffes. 221

As he cumes brankand throw the Toun,
With his Keis clinkand on his Arme,
That Calf clovin fittet fleid Custroun,
Will wed nane but a Burges Bairn.

IV.

ANE Dyvour Coffe, that Worry-Hen,
Distroys the Honnour of our Nation,
Taks Guids a frist frae fremit Men,
And breaks with them his Obligation,
Quhilks dois our Merehants Defamation,
They are reprievt for that Regratour;
Therfore we give our Declaration
To hang and draw that common Traytour.

VII.

A curloreous Coffe, that Hege-Scraper,
He sits at hame quhen that they bake;
That Pedder Bryboure that Sheip-keipar,
He tells them ilk ane Cake by Cake,
Syne Locks them up, and taks a Fail
Betwixt his Doublet and his Jacket,
And eits them in the Buith that Smaik,
Ill than he mort into a Rakket.

VIII. A

222 *A Discription of Pedder Coffes.*

VIII.

A Codroch Coffe, he is owre rich,
And hes nae Hap his Gude to spend,
But lives lyke ony wareit Wretch,
And trests never till take an End,
With Falsheid ever does him defend,
Proceeding still in Avarice,
And leaves his Saul nae gude Commend,
But walks a wilsome Way I wifs

IX.

I zou exhort all that this heir,
And reids this Bill, ze wald it schaw
Unto the Provost, and him require,
That he would give thir Coffes the Law,
And banish them the Burges Raw;
And to the Shoe-streit gar them stien,
Syne cut their Lugs that we may knaw
Thir Pedder Knaifs be Burges Men.

Quod LINDSAY.

*The fyne Advyce Jock gied his Ded,
 Weil ken quhen ze thir Lynes haif red.*

COCK, quod his Ded, quhat will me eisy make?

With standing my Legs tyre, and quhen I kneil
 My Kneis are pynd, ganging gars my Feit ake;
 Lying irks my Back, and gif I sit I feil
 My Hipps ar hurt; and lein I neir sae weil,
 My Elbuck smarts. ---- Quod Jock, *Pain to exyle,*
since all these eise not, best ein hing a quhyle.

A N S W E R.

Thank ze, Jock, for zour Advyce,
 My kyndly Cock, I thank ze, Jock,
 Weil have ze spoke and counchild nyce;
 Thank ze, Jock, for zour Advyce.

The

*The Ballat of the Reid-Squair,
fought on the 7th July 1576.*

I.

ON *July* seventh, the *Suthe* to say,
At the *Reid-Squair* the *Tryft* was set,
Our *Wardens* they affixt the *Day*,
And as they promist, sae they met:
Allace! that *Day* I'll neir forzet,
Was sure sae feird, and then sae fair,
They came ther *Justice* for to get,
Will nevir grein to cum again.

II.

CARMICHAELL was our *Warden* then,
He caufit the *Countrie* to convene,
And the *Laird Watt*, that worthy *Man*,
Brocht in his *Surname* weil be sene:
The *Armstrangs* to that ay haif bene
A hardy *House*, but not a *hail*;
The *Eliots* *Honours* to mentain,
Broucht in the laif of *Liddisdail*.

III. THE

The Ballat of the Reid-Squair. 225

III.

THEN *Twidail* came to with *Speid*,
The *Scherif* brocht the *Douglas* down,
With *Cransstane*, *Gladstane*, gude at *Neid*,
Baith *Rewls-Watter* and *Harwick-Toun*.
Beangeddert bauldly maid him boun,
With all the *Trumbulls* strang and stout;
The *Rutherfuirds*, with grit *Renoun*,
Convoyit the *Toun* of *Jedbruch* out.

IV.

WITH uther *Clanns* I can nocht tell,
Because our *Wairning* was nocht wyde,
Be this our *Folk* hes tane the *Fell*,
And plantit *Pallions* thair to byde:
We lukit doun the uther *Syde*,
And saw cum breifsting owre the *Brae*,
And *Sr George Foster* was thair *Gyde*,
With *Fyftene* hundrid *Men* and *mae*.

V.

IT greivt him fair that *Day* I trow,
With *Sr John Hinrome* of *Schipsydehouse*,
Because we wer not *Men* enow,
He counted us not worth a *Souse*;

¶

SE

226 *The Ballat of the Reid-Squair.*

Sr *George* was gentill, meik and douse,
But he was hail, and het as Fyre;

But zit, for all his Cracking crouse,
He rewd the Raid of the *Reid-squyre*.

VI.

To deil with proud Men is but Pain,
For ether ze maun ficht or flie,

Or els nae Answer mak again,
But play the Beist, and let him be.

It was nae Wondir tho he was hie,
Had *Tyndall*, *Redsdaile* at his Hand,

With *Cuckdaile*, *Gladdaile* on the Lie,
Auld Hebfrime and *Northumberland*.

VII.

ZIT was our Meiting meik enough,

Begun with Mirrines and Mows,
And at the Brae abune the Heugh

The Clerk sat doun to call the Rows,
And sum for Ky and sum for Ewis,

Callit in of *Dandrie*, *Hob* and *Jock*,

I saw cum merching owre the Knows,
Fyve hundred *Fennicks* in a Flock.

VIII. WITH

VIII.

WITH Jack and Speir, and Bowis all bent,
And warlick Weaponis at thair Will;
Howbeit we wer not weil content,
Zit be my Trowth we feird nae Ill:
Sum zeid to drink, and sum stude still,
And sum to Cairds and Dyce them sped,
Quhyle on ane Farstein they fyld a Bill,
And he was Fugitive that fled.

IX.

CARMICHAELL bad them speik out plainly,
And cloke nae Cause for Ill nor Gude,
The uther answering him full vainly,
Begouth to reckon Kin and Blude.
He raise and raxd him quhair he stude,
And bad him match him with his Marrows:
Then Tyndall hard these Resouns rude,
And they lute aff a Flicht of Arrows.

X.

THEN was ther nocht but Bow and Speir,
And ilka Man pullit out ane Brand,
A Schafte and a Fennick their,
Gude Symmingtoun was slain frae Hand.

228 *The Ballat of the Reid-Squair.*

The *Scotifmen* cryd on uther to stand,
Frac Tyme they saw *John Robson* slain:
Quhat fuld they cry! The Kings Command
Culd cause nae Cowards turn again.

XI.

UP raise the Laird to red the Cumber,
Quhilk wald not be for all his Boist,
Quhat fuld we do with sic a Number,
Fyve thousand Men into ane Hoist?
Then *Henrie Purdie* proud hes cost,
And verie narrowlie had mischeifd him,
And ther we had our *Warden* lost,
Wart not the grit God he releivd him.

XII.

ANE uther throw the Breiks him bair,
Quhyle flatlines to the Ground he fell:
Then thocht I, we had lost him thair,
Into my Heart it struk a Knell;
Zit up he raise, the Truth to tell,
And laid about him Dunts full dour,
His Horsemen they faucht stout and snell,
And stude about him in the Stour.

XIII. THEN

The Ballat of the Reid-Squair. 229

XIII.

THEN raifd the Slogan with ane Schout,
Fy, Tyndall to it, *Jedbrugh* heir :

I trow he was not half fae stout,
But anes his Stomak was a Steir,
With Gun and Genzie, Bow and Speir,
He micht se mony a crackit Crown,
But up amang the Merchant Geir
The Buffie wer as we were down.

XIV.

THE Swallow-tail frae Teckles flew,
Fyve hundred slain into the Flicht,
But we had Pestellers anew,
And schot among them as we micht.
With Help of GOD the Game gade richt,
Frac Tyme the foremost of them fell;
Hynd owre the Know, without Gude-nicht,
They ran with mony a Schout and Zell,

XV.

AND after they had turned Backs,
Zit Tyndall Men they turnd again,
And had not bene the Merchant Packs,
There had bene mae of *Scotland* slain:

230 *The Ballat of the Reid-Squair.*

But JESU gif the Folk was fain
To put the Buffing on thair Theis,
And fae they fled with all thair Main,
Doun owre the Brae lyke clogged Beis.

XVI.

SR Francis Russell tane was thair,
And hurt, as we heir Men reherse;
Proud Wallingtoun was woundit fair,
Albeit he was a Fennick ferfs.

But gif ze wald a Souldier ferche
Amang them all was tane that Nicht,
Was nane fae wordie of our Verse
As Colingwood that courteous Knicht.

XVII.

ZUNG Henrie skapit Hame, is hurt,
A Souldier schot him with a Bow,
Scotland has Cause to mak grit Sturt,
For laiming of the Laird of Mow.
The Laird Watt did weil indeid,
His Friends stude stoutly by himsell,
With litle Gladstane, gude in Neid,
For Gretein kend not Gude be Ill.

XVIII. THE

The Ballat of the Reid-Squair. 231

XVIII.

THE Scheriff wantit not Gude-will,
Howbeit he nicht not ficht sae fast:
Beanjeadart, Hundlie and Hunthill,
Three, on they laid weil at the last,
Exept the Horse-men of the Gaird;
If I could put Men to Avail,
Nane stoutlier stude out for thair Laird,
Nor did the Lads of *Liddisdail*.

XIX.

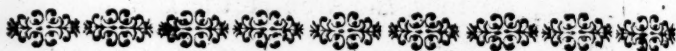
BUT litle Harnise had we thair,
But auld *Badrule* had on a Jack,
And did richt weil, I zou declair,
With all the *Trumbulls* at his Back.
Gude *Ederstane* was not to lack,
With *Kirktown, Newtoun, Nobill-men*;
Thir is all the Specials I haif spak,
Forby them that I could nocht ken.

XX.

QUHA did invent that Day of Play,
We neid nocht feir to find him fune,
For Sr *John Foster*, I dare weil say,
Maid us that noysome Afternune :

232 *The Eagle and Robin Red-breist.*

Not that I speik preceissly out,
That he supposd it wald be Perrill,
But Pryde and breaking out, but Dour,
Gart Tyndall Lads begin the Quarrell.



T H E

Eagle and Robin Red-breist.

THE Prince of all the fethert Kynd,
That with spred Wings out fleis the Wind,
And tours far out of humane Sicht
To view the schynand Orb of Licht :
This Ryall *Bird*, tho braif and great,
And armit strang for stern Debait,
Nae Tyrant is but condescends
Aftymes to treit inferiour Friends,

ANE Day at his Command did flock
To his hie Palace on a Rock,
The Courtiers of ilk various Syze
That swiftly swim in Christal Skyis;

Thither

The Eagle and Robin Red-breast. 233

Thither the valiant *Tersals* doup,
And heir rapacious *Corbies* croup,
With greidy *Gleds* and flie *Gormaks*,
And dinlome *Pyis* and clatterin *Darus*;
Proud *Pecocks*, and a hundred mae,
Bruscht up thair Pens that solemn Day,
Bowd first submissive to my Lord,
Then tuke thair Places at his Borde.

MEIN Tyme quhyle feisting on a Fawn,
And drinking Blude frae *Lamies* drawn,
A tunefull *Robin* trig and zung,
Hard by upon a Bour-tree fung.
He sang the *Eagles* Ryall Lyne,
His persing Ee and Richt divyne,
To sway out owre the fetherit Thrang,
Quha dreid his martial Bill and sang:
His Flicht sublime, and Eild renewit,
His Mynd with Clemencie endewit;
In faster Notes he sang his Luve,
Mair hie his beiring Bolts for Jove.

THE Monarch Bird with Blythnefs hard
 The chaunting lital Silvan Bard,
 Calit up a Buzart, quha was than
 His Favourite and Chamberlane.
 Swith to my Treasury, quod he,
 And to zon canty Robin gie
 As mekle of our currant Geir
 As may mentain him throw the Zeir;
 We can weil spairt, and its his Due,
 He bad, and furth the Judas flew,
 Straight to the Brench quhair Robin fung,
 And with a wickit lieand Tung,
 Said, Ah! ze sing sae dull and ruch,
 Ze haif deivt our Lugs mair than cnuch,
 His *Majestie* hes a nyse Eir,
 And nae mair of zour Stuff can beir;
 Poke up zour Pypes, be nae mair fene
 At Court, I warn ze as a Frein.

HE spak, quhyle Robinis fwelling Breist,
 And drouping Wings his Greif, *expressed*

The Teirs ran happing doun his Cheik,
Grit grew his Hairt, he coud nocht speik,
No for the Tinsell of Rewaird,
But that his Notis met nae Regaird;
Straicht to the Schaw he spred his Wing,
Resolvit again nae mair to sing,
Quhair Princelie Bountie is supprest,
By sic with quhome they ar opprest,
Quha cannot beir (because they want it)
That ocht suld be to Merit grantit.

Quod AR. SCOT.



Hay



Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix.

I.

THE Paip, that Pagane full of Pryde,
 He hes us blindit lang,
 For quhair the blind the blind dois gyde,
 Na Wonder thay ga wrang:
 Lyke Prince and King he led the Ring
 Of all Iniquitie,
 Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, under the Grene Wod-Trix.

II.

BOT his Abhominatioun
 The LORD hes brocht to Licht,
 His Popische Pryde and thrinfald Crowne
 Almaist hes lost thair Micht.
 His Plak Pardounis ar but Lardounis,
 Of new found Vanitie,
 Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

III. HIS

Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix. 237

III.

His Cardinallis hes Caus to murne,

His Bischoppis borne aback;

His Abbotis gat ane uncouth Turne,

Quhen Schavelingis went to sack,

With Burges Wyfis thay led thair Lyvis,

And fure better nor we,

Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

IV.

His Carmelites and Jacobinis,

His Dominiks had greit Do,

His Cordeleiris and Augustinis,

Sanct Frances Ordour to;

Thay fillie Freiris, mony Zeiris,

With babling blerit our Ee,

Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

V.

THE Sisteris gray, befoir this Day,

Did crune within thair Cloister,

Thay feit ane Freir thair Keyis to beir,

The Feind rellave the Foster;

Syne in the Mirk sa weill culd wirk,

And kittil them wantounlie,

Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

VI. THE

238 *Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix.*

VI.

THE blind Bischop he culd nocht preiche,

For playing with the Lassis ;

The syllie Freir behuffit to fleiche,

For Almous that he assis ;

The Curat his Creid he culd nocht reid,

Schame fall the Cumpanie,

Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

VII.

THE Bischop wald nocht wed ane Wyfe,

The Abbote not perfew ane,

Thinkand it was ane lustie Lyfe,

Ilk Day to have ane new ane,

In everie Place ane uncouth Facc,

His Lust to satisfie,

Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

VIII.

THE Persoun wald nocht have ane Hure,

Bot twa, and thay war bony ;

The Vicar (thocht he was pure)

Behuiffit to have als mony ;

The Pareis Preist, that brutall Beist,

He polit thame privelie,

Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

IX.

OF Scotland well, the Freiris of Faill,
The Lymmerie lang hes lestit,
The Monkis of Melros maid gude Kaill
On Frydayis, quhen thay tastit;
The fillie Nunnis keist up thair Bunnis,
and heisit thair Hippis on hie,
May Trix, Tryme go Trix, under the Grene Wod-Trie.

* * * * *

On the Mes.

I.

K NAW ze not GOD omnipotent,
He creat Man and maid him fre,
Quhill he brak his Commandement,
and eit of the forbiddin Tre;
had not that blissit Barne bene borne,
Sin to redres,
owreis zour Lyves had bene forlorne,
For all zour Mes.

II. SEN

II.

SEN we war all to Sin maid sure,
 Throw *Adamis* Inobedience,
 (Saif *CHRIST*) thair was na Creature
 Maid Sacrifice for our Offence;
 Thair is na Sanct may save' zour Saull,
 Fra ze transgres,
 Suppois Sanct *Peter* and Sanct *Paull*
 Had baith said Mes.

III.

KNAWING thair is na Christ bot ane,
 Quhilk Rent was on the Rude with Roddis;
 Quhy give ze Glore to Stock and Stane,
 In worshipping of uther Goddis?
 Thir Idoles that on Alteris standis,
 Ar Fenzeitnes,
 Ze gat not GOD amang zour Handis,
 Mumling zour Mes.

IV.

AND sen na Sanct zour Saull may save,
 Perchance ze will speir at me than,
 How may the Paip' thir Pardounis have,
 With Power baith of Beist and Man?

Throw

Throw nathing bot ane fenzeit Faith,
For Halynes
Inventit Wayis to get thame Graith,
Lyke as the Mes.

V.

OF Marriage ze maid zou quyte,
Thinking it Thraldome to refraine:
Wanting of Wyiffis is Appetyte,
That Curage nicht increas againe;
Thay honny Lippis, ze did perfew,
Grew Gall I ges,
Thinking it was Contritioun trew
To dance ane Mes.

VI.

GIF God was maid of Bittis of Braid,
Eit ze not ouklike sax or sevin,
As it had bene a mortall Feid,
Quhill ze had almaist heryit Hevin,
Als mony Devilis ze man devoir,
Quhill Hell grow les,
Or doutles we dar nocht restoir
Zou to zour Mes.



VII. GIF

VII.

GIF God be transubstantiall

In Breid, with *hoc est corpus meum*,

Quhy war ze sa unnaturall,

As tak him in zour Teith and sla him?

Tripartit and devydit him

At zour dum Dres,

Bot God knawis how ze gydit him

Mumling zour Mes.

VIII.

ZE partit with Dame Povertie,

Tulke Propertie to be zour Wyfe,

Fra Charitie and Chastitie,

With Licharie ze led zour Lyfe;

That raifit the Mother of Mischeif,

Zour Gredynes,

Beleving ay to get Relcif

For faying Mes.

IX.

O wickit vaine Venerienes,

Ze ar not Sanctis (thocht ze seme haly)

Proude poysonit *Epicuriens*,

Quhilk had na God bot zour awin Bellic :

Beleve

Beleve, ze Lownis, the LORD allowis
Zour Idilnes,
Lang or the Sweit cum owir zour Brown
For saying Mes.

X.

HAD not zour self begun the Weiris,
Zour Stepillis had bene standand zit;
It was the flattering of zour Freiris
That ever gart Sanct *Frances* flit;
Ze grew sa superstitious
In Wickitnes,
It gart us grow malicious,
Contrair zour Mes.

XI.

OUR Bischoppis ar degenerate,
Thocht thay be mountit upon Mulis,
With Huredome clene effeminate,
And Freiris oft-tymes previs Fulis;
For dustifit and bob at Evin,
Do sa increas,
Hes drevin sum of them to teine,
For all thair Mes.

XII.

CHRIST keip all faithfull Christianis
 From perverst Pryde and Papistrie;
 GOD grant thame trew Intelligens
 Of his Law, Word and Veritie;
 GOD grant thay may thair Lyfe amend,
 Syne Blis posses,
 Throw Faith on CHRIST all that depend,
 And nocht on Mes.

XIII.

SEN Mes is nathing ellis to say,
 Bot ane wickit Invention,
 Without Authoritie, or Stay,
 Of Scripture, or Fundatioun:
 Gif Kingis wald Mes to Rome hence dryve
 With Haistines,
 Suld be the Meane to have belyve
 Ane End of Mes.





On Purgatorie.

I.

OF the fals Fyre of Purgatorie,
Is nocht left in ane Sponk;
Thairfoir sayis Gedde, Wayis me,
Gone is Preist, Freir and Monk.

II.

THE Reik sa wounder deir thay solde
For Money, Gold and Landis,
Quhill have the Riches on the Molde,
Is seafit in thair Handis.

III.

THAY knew nathing bot Covetice
And Lufe of Paramouris,
And lat the Saulis burne and bis
Of all thair Foundatouris.

IV.

AT Corps Prefence thay wald sing,

For Ryches, to flokkin the Fyre:

Bot all pure Folk that had nathing

Was skaldit vaine and lyre.

V.

ZIR sat they heich in Parliament,

Lyke Lordis of greit Renowne,

Untill now that the New Testament

Hes it and thame brocht downe.

VI.

AND thocht thay fuffe at it, and blaw

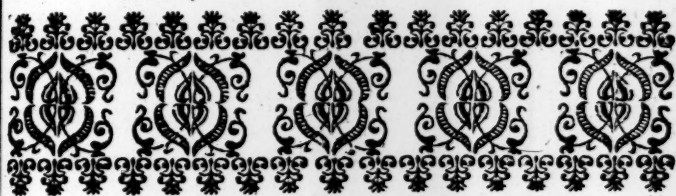
Ay quhill thair Bellyis ryve,

The mair thay blaw, full weill thay knaw

The mair it dois misthryve.



H A R.



HARDYKNUTE,

A

FRAGMENT.

I.

STATELY stept he East the Wa,
And stately stept he West,

Full Seventy Zeirs he now had sene,
With skerfs sevin Zeirs of Rēst.

He livit quhen *Britons* Breach of Faith
Wroucht *Scotland* meikle Wae :

And ay his Sword tauld to their Cost,
He was their deidly Fae.

II.

HIE on a Hill his Castle stude,
 With Halls and Touris a Hicht,
 And guidly Chambers fair to se,
 Quhair he lodgit mony a Knicht.
 His Dame sae peirless anes and fair,
 For Chast and Bewtie deimt,
 Nae Marrow had in all the Land,
 Saif *Elenor* the Quene.

III.

FULL Thirtein Sons to him scho bare,
 All Men of Valour stout;
 In bluidy Ficht with Sword in Hand
 Nyne lost their Lives bot doubt;
 Four zit remain, lang may they live
 To stand by Liege and Land:
 Hie was their Fame, hie was their Micht,
 And hie was their Command.

IV.

GREAT Luve they bare to *Fairly* fair,
 Their Sister fast and deir,
 Her Girdle shawd her Middle gimp,
 And gowden glist her Hair.

Quhat waefou wae hir Bewtie bred?

Waefou to zung and auld,
Waefou I trow to Kyth and Kin,
As Story ever tauld.

V.

THE King of *Norse* in Summer Tyde,
Puft up with Powir and Micht,
Landed in fair *Scotland* the Yle,
With mony a hardy Knight:
The Tydings to our gude *Scots* King
Came, as he sat at Dyne,
With noble Chiefs in braif Aray,
Drinking the Blude-reid Wyne.

VI.

" To Horſe, to Horſe, my Ryal Liege,
" Zour Fæes ſtand on the Strand,
" Full Twenty thouſand glittering Spears
" The King of *Norſe* commands.
Bring me my Steed Mage dapple gray,
Our gude King raiſe and cryd,
A truſtier Beaſt in all the Land
A Scots King nevir ſeyd.

VII.

GO, little Page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on Hill so hie,
 To draw his Sword, the Dreid of Faes,
And haste and follow me.

The little Page flew swift as Dart
 Flung by his Masters Arm,
Cum down, cum down Lord Hardyknute,
And rid your King frae Harm.

VIII.

THEN reid, reid grew his dark-brown Cheiks,
 Sae did his dark-brown Brow;
 His Luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
 In Dangers great to do;
 He hes tane a Horn as grene as Glass,
 And gien five Sounds sae shrill,
 That Treis in grene Wod schuke thereat,
 Sae loud rang ilka Hill.

IX.

HIS Sons in manly Sport and Glie,
 Had past that Summers Morn,
 Quhen lo down in a grassy Dale,
 They heard their Fatheris Horn.

That

*That Horn, quod they, neir sounds in Peace,
We haif other Sport to byde;
And sune they heyd them up the Hill,
And sune were at his Sydc.*

X.

*LATE late Zestrene I weind in Peace
To end my lengthned Lyfe,
My Age nicht weil excuse my Arm
Frae manly Feats of Stryfe;
But now that Norse dois proudly boast
Fair Scotland to inthrall,
Its neir be said of Hardyknute,
He feard to ficht or fall.*

XI.

*ROBIN of Rothsay, bend thy Bow,
Thy Arrows schute sae leil,
Mony a comely Countenance
They haif turnd to deidly Pale :
Brade Thomas tak ze but zour Lance,
Ze neid nae Weapons mair,
Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes
Gainst Westmorlands ferfs Heir.*

XII.

MALCOM, *licht of Fute as Stag*
That runs in Forest wyld,
Get me my Thousands Thrie of Men
Well bred to Sword and Schield:
Bring me my Horse and Harnisne
My Blade of Mettal cleir.

If Faes kend but the Hand it bare,
 They sune had fled for Feir.

XIII.

FAREWELL *my Dame sae peirless gude,*
And tuke hir by the Hand,
Fairer to me in Age zou seim,
Than Maids for Bewtie famd:
My zoungest Son sall here remain
To guard these stately Towirs,
And shut the Silver Bolt that keips,
Sae fast zour painted Bowirs.

XIV.

AND first scho wet hir comely Cheiks,
 And then hir Boddice grene,
 Hir Silken Cords of Twirtle twist,
 Weil plett with Silver schene;

And

Hardyknute.

And Apron set with mony a Dice
Of Neidle-wark fac rare,
Wove by nae Hand, as ze may guess;
Saif that of *Fairly* fair.

XV.

AND he has ridden owre Muir and Moss,
Owre Hills and mony a Glen,
Quhen he came to a wounded Knight
Making a heavy Mane;
Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By Treacheries false Gyles;
Witless I was that eir gaif Faith
To wicked Womans Smyles.

XVI.

SR Knight, gin ze were in my Bowir,
To lean on Silken Seat,
My Ladyis kyndlie Cäre zoud prove,
Quha neir kend deidly Hate;
Hir self wald watch ze all the Day,
Hir Maids a deid of Nicht;
And Fairly fair zour Heart wald cheir,
As scho stands in zour Sicht.

XVII. A-

XVII.

ARYSE, zounge Knicht, and mount zour Steid,
 Full louns the schynand Day,
 Cheis frae my Menzie quhom ze pleis
 To leid ze on the Way.
 With smylefs Luke and Visage wan,
 The wounded Knicht replyd,
 Kynd Chiftain, zour Intent pursue,
 For heir I maun abyde.

XVIII.

TO me nae after Day nor Nicht,
 Can eir be sweit or fair,
 But sune beneath sum draping Trie,
 Could Deith fall end my Care.
 With him nae Pleiding nicht prevail,
 Braif Hardyknute to gain,
 With fairest Words and Reason strang,
 Straif courteously in vain.

XIX.

SYNE he has gane far hynd attowre,
 Lord Chattans Land sae wyde,
 That Lord a worthy Wicht was ay,
 Quhen Faes his Courage seyde:

Of *Pictish* Race by Mothers Syde,
Quhen *Picts* ruld *Caledon*,
Lord *Chattan* claimd the Princely Maid;
Quhen he saift *Pictish* Crown.

XX.

Now with his ferfs and stalwart Train,
He reicht a ryfing Heicht,
Quhair braid encampit on the Dale,
Norfs Army lay in Sicht;
Zonder my valziant Sons and feris;
Our raging Revers wait
On the unconquerit Scottish Swaird
To try with us thair Fate.

XXI.

MAK Orifons to him that saift
Our Sauls upon the Rude,
Syne braifly fcharw zour Veins ar filld
With Caledonian Blude.

Then, furth he drew his trusty Glaive,
Quhyle Thoufands all arround,
Drawn frae their Sheaths glanst in the Sun,
And loud the Bougills found.

XXII. Te

XXII.

To join his King adoun the Hill

In Haft his Merch he made,

Quhyle, playand Pibrochs, Minstralls meit

Afore him stately strade.

Thryse welcum valziant Stoup of Weir,

Thy Nations Scheild and Pryde;

Thy King nae Reason has to feir

Quhen thou art be his Syde.

XXIII.

QUHEN Bows were bent and Darts were thrawn,

For thrang scarce could they flie,

The Darts clove Arrows as they met,

The Arrows dart the Trie.

Lang did they rage and ficht full ferfs,

With little Skaith to Man,

But bludy, bludy was the Field,

Or that lang Day was done.

XXIV.

THE King of Scots that findle bruikd

The War that luikt lyke Play,

Drew his braid Sword, and brake his Bow,

Sen Bows seimt but Delay:

Quoth

Quoth noble *Rothsay*, *Myne I'll keip,*

I wate its bleid a Skore.

Hast up my merry Men, cryd the King,

As he rade on before.

XXV.

THE King of *Norse* he socht to find,

With him to menſe the Faucht,

But on his Forehead there did licht

A ſharp unſonſie Shaft;

As he his Hand put up to find

The Wound, an Arrow kene,

O waefou Chance! there pinnd his Hand

In midſt betwene his Ene.

XXVI.

REVENGE, *revenge*, cryd *Rothſays Heir,*

Your Mail-coat ſall nocht byde

The Strength and Sharpneſs of my Dart;

Then ſent it throuch his Syde:

Another Arrow weil he markd,

It perſit his Neck in twa,

His Hands then quat the ſilver Reins;

He law as Eard did fa.



XXVII.

*S*AIR bleids my Liege, sair, sair he bleids.

Again with micht he drew

And Gesture dreid his sturdy Bow,

Fast the braid Arrow flew:

Wae to the Knicht he ettled at,

Lament now Quene *Elgreid*,

Hie Dames to wail zour Darlings Fall,

His Zouth and comely Meid.

XXVIII.

*T*ake aff, take aff his costly *Jupe*

(Of Gold weil was it twynd,

Knit lyke the Fowlers Net through quhilk

His steilly Harness shynd)

*T*ake, Norse, that Gift frae me, and bid

Him venge the Blude it beirs;

*S*ay, if he face my bended Bow,

*H*e sure nae Weapon feirs.

XXIX.

*P*ROUD Norse with Giant Body tall,

Braid Shoulder and Arms strong,

*C*ryd, *Q*uhair is Hardyknute sae samd,

*A*nd feird at Britains Throne:

*The Britons tremble at his Name;
I sune sall make him wail,
That eir my Sword was made sae sharp,
Sae saft his Coat of Mail.*

XXX.

THAT Brag his stout Heart coud na byde;
It lent him zouthfou Micht :
*I'm Hardyknute this Day, he cryd,
To Scotland's King I hecht,
To lay thee law as Horses Hufe,
My Word I mean to keip.*
Syne with the first Strake eir he strake,
He garrd his Body bleid.

XXXI.

NORSE ene lyke gray Gofchawks staird wyld,
He ficht with Shame and Spyte;
*Disgracd is now my far famd Arm
That left thee Power to stryke:*
Then gaif his Head a Blaw sae fell,
It made him down to stoup,
As law, as he to Ladies usit
In courtly Gyse to lout.

XXXII.

FULL fune he rais'd his bent Body,
 His Bow he marvelld fair,
 Sen Blaws till then on him but darrd
 As Touch of *Fairly* fair:
Norse ferliet too as fair as he
 To se his stately Luke,
 Sae fune as eir he strake a Fae;
 Sae fune his Lyfe he tukē.

XXXIII.

QUHAIR lyke a Fyre to Hether set,
 Bauld *Thomas* did advance,
 A sturdy Fae with Luke enragd
 Up towards him did prance;
 He spurd his Steid throw thickest Ranks
 The hardy Zouth to quell
 Quha stude unmufit at his Approach
 His Furie to repell.

XXXIV.

THAT schort brown Shaft sae meanly trimd,
 Lukis lyke poor Scotlands Geir,
 But dreidfull seims the rusty Poynt!
 And loud he leuch in Jeir.

Aft Britains Blude has dimd its Shyne
 This Poynt cut short their Vannt;
 Syne pierced the boisteris bairded Cheik,
 Nae Tyme he tuke to taunt.

XXXV.

SCHORT quhyle he in his Sadill fwang,
 His Stirrip was nae Stay,
 Sae feible hang his unbent Knee,
 Sure taken he was fey:
 Swith on the hardened Clay he fell,
 Richt far was hard the Thud,
 But *Thomas* luikt not as he lay
 All waltering in his Blude.

XXXVI.

WITH cairles Gesture Mynd unmuvit
 On raid he north the Plain,
 His seim in Thrang of fiercest Stryfe,
 Quhen Winner ay the same;
 Nor zit his Heart Dames dimpelit Cheik;
 Coud meise fast Luve to bruik,
 Till vengeful *Ann* returnd his Scorn,
 Then languid grew his Luke.

by token

XXXVII.

IN Thrawis of Death, with wallowit Cheik

All panting on the Plain,

The fainting Corps of Warriours lay,

Neir to aryse again;

Neir to return to native Land,

Nae mair with blythfom Sounds,

To boist the Glories of the Day,

And schaw thair Shyning Wounds.

XXXVIII.

ON *Norways* Coast the Widowit Dame

May wash the Rocks with Teirs,

May lang luke owre the Schiples Seis

Befoir hir Mate appeirs.

Ceise, *Emma*, ceise to hope in Vain,

Thy Lord lye in the Clay,

The valziant SCOTS nae *Revers* thole

To carry Lyfe away.

XXXIX.

THERE on a Lie quhair stands a Cross

Set up for Monument,

Thousands full fierce that Summers Day

Filld kene Waris black Intent,

Let

Let *Scots*, quhyle *Scots*, praise *Hardyknute*,

Let *Norse* the Name ay dreid;

Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,

Sal latest Ages reid.

XL.

Loud and chill blew westlin Wind,

Sair beat the heavy Showir,

Mirk grew the Nicht eir *Hardyknute*

Wan neir his stately Tower,

His Towir that ufd with Torchis bleise'

To shyne sae far at Nicht,

Scim'd now as black as mourning Weid,

Nae Marvel fair he sichd.

XLI.

THAIRS nae Licht in my Ladys Bowir

Thairs nae Licht in my Hall;

Nae Blink shynes round my Fairly fair,

Nor Ward stands on my Wall.

Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas say,

Nae Answer fits their Dreid.

Stand back, my Sons, I'll be your Gyde,

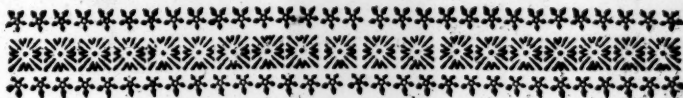
But by they past with Speid.

XLII.

AS fast 1 haif sped owre Scotlands Faes,
 There ceist his Brag of Weir,
 Sair schamit to mynd ocht but his Dame,
 And Maiden *Fairly* fair.
 Black Feir he felt, but quhat to feir,
 He wist not zit with Dreid;
 Sair schuke his Body, fair his Limbs,
 And all the Warrior fled.

* * * * *
 * * * * *





A GLOSSARY;

O R,

AN EXPLANATION of the
Scots Words.

A

A B

A All.
Abaid Abade, Abede,
 stayed.
Abaisit, abashed:
Abeit, albeit.
Abergown, Coat of Mail.
Ablens, perhaps.
Aboise, abuse, above.
Abulxiement, Habit.
Abune, above.
Adown, downward.
Aff, off.
Aft, asten, -oft, often.
Affair, frightened.
Afrey, Fear.
Agit, aged.
Agast, afrighted.
Aidir, either.
Aik, Oak.

Ain, own.
Aits, Oats.
Air, Time past.
Air, soon, early, item Heir.
Aith, Oath.
Akerbraid, breadth of an Acre.
Alast, aloft.
Allane, allone.
Almous, Alms.
Alkynd, all kind, or Sort of.
Als, as, and.
Amene, pleasant.
Ane, one.
Anes, anis, once.
Antetewme, Example.
Apenit, opened.
Appleis, please.
Arles, earnest.

Arti-

Artilzie, Artillery.
As ask.
Affalzet, assailed.
Attains, at once.
Attemperit, tempered.
Attowre, out over.
Attercap, a Wasp.
Avalzet, availed.
Aventure, Adventure.
Aver, a Horse.
Averil, senseless Fellow.
Aucht, ought, *item* eight.
Auld, old.
Aw, owc.
Awin, own.
Awis, ows.
Aureat, Golden.
Ayd, Aid.
Ayfe, Advice.
Aynd, Breath.

B A

B *AID*, *bade*, did abide.
Band, bound.
Banes or *Bains*, Bones.
Bannoeks, Bread.
Bair, bare.
Bairn, Bern, Child, Youth.
Baith, both.
Bale or *Beal*, Sorrow.
Balmit, embalmed.
Ban, to curse.
Bang, to move hastily.
Barbir, barbarous.
Barbulzet, to confuse.
Barret, Sort of Liquor.
Barrow Trams, Staves of a Barrow.
Barm, Yest.
Barmy, fermented and muddy.
Bauld, bold.

Bawfy, white fac'd.
Bedene, immediately.
Befoir, before, before.
Best, beaten.
Begouth, began.
Begylit, beguiled.
Behald, behold.
Behoif, Behove.
Bil, any Shelter against the Inclemency of the Weather.
Belyve, immediatly.
Bellies, Bellows.
Beik, to bask or warm.
Beims, Beams.
Beir, to bear, *item* to moan.
Beir, Barley.
Beit, Help.
Ben, inner part of a House.
Bene, been.
Bene, Bean.
Bent, the Feild.
Berkit, barked.
Beseik, beseech.
Beswakit, blanched.
Betwisch, betwixt.
Bewis, Boughs.
Bewtie, Beauty.
Bezond, beyond.
Bigg, build.
Biggit, built.
Bikkerit, contended.
Bink, Bench.
Bin, been.
Biquour or *Bicker*, a large Cup or Dish.
Birkin Bobyns, a Knot of Birch Leaves.
Birs, Bristle.
Birn, to burn.
Birnist, burnished.
Bissilie, busily.

Blad,

Blad,
 Piec
 Blae,
 Bland,
 Blasby
 Blate,
 Blaw,
 Bleber,
 Ble doc
 Bleir,
 or d
 Blent,
 Bletcher
 Non
 Blink,
 spark
 Blinkit
 Blume,
 Blude,
 Bodin,
 Bodwor
 Bocht,
 Bog, M
 Boist, to
 Bok, to
 Bony, l
 Boiting
 Bot, bu
 Bougar
 Bouk, t
 Bougil,
 his H
 Boun, r
 Bourd,
 Bowteon
 Bowster,
 Bow, a
 Brand,
 Bravnd
 Brangli
 Braif, b
 Branka

Blad, a Strok, *item*, a big
Piece of-----.

Blae, livid,

Bland, to mix.

Blasby, wet.

Blate, bashful.

Blaw, Blow.

Bleber, to bable.

Bledoch, Butter-milk.

Bleir, to make the Eyes red
or dim.

Blent, looked.

Blether, to stammer and speak
Nonsense.

Blink, a small Sight, *item*, to
sparkle.

Blinkit, looked hastily.

Blume, Bloom.

Blude, Blood.

Bodin, furnished.

Bodword, Message.

Bocht, bought.

Bog, Marsh.

Boist, to boast.

Bok, to vomit.

Bony, beautiful, *item* little.

Boitings or *Buiting*, Boots.

Bot, but, *item*, without.

Bougars, Rafter.

Bouk, the Body, *item* Bulk.

Bougil, a young Bull, *item*
his Horn,

Boun, ready to go.

Bourd, a Sport, *item* to sport:

Bowsteous, boisterous.

Bowster, a Bolster.

Bow, a Fold of Cattle.

Brand, a Sword.

Brawnd, the Muscles.

Branglit, brandished.

Braif, brave.

Brankand, Pransing.

Bratle, to clash.

Braw, brave, fine.

Brae, Side of a Hill, Bank of
a River.

Braid, broad, *item* to haste,
arise.

Braids or *Brades*, is like, or
takes after.

Brais or *brace*, Embrace.

Braifh, brush.

Breiks, Breeches.

Bricht, bright.

Brie, Eye-brow.

Brilzean, Brilliant:

Brim, fierce.

Brocht, brought.

Brod, to prick or spur.

Brock, the Badger.

Browdin, fond of.

Browster, Brewer.

Brudie, teeming, fertile.

Bruik, brook or enjoy.

Brukit, blackened.

Brukil, brittle.

Brynt, brunt.

Bud, Bribe.

Buke or *Buik*, Book.

Buith, Booth or Shop.

Buith-meal, Shop Rent.

Buiting, Booty.

Bundin, bound.

Bun, Arse.

Bure, did bear.

Burde, Board.

Burn, a Brook.

Burdoun, a Palmers Staff.

Bushment, Men lying in Am-
bush.

Bush, a Bush.

Bute, Help, Advantage.

But and *bot*, without.

Byre, Cow-house.

C A

CA, call.
Cabroch, poor lean Flesh.
Cadgers, Higglers.
Callit, called.
Campion, Champion.
Cankert, angry, *item*, ulcerated.
Canny, happy convenient.
Canty, chearful.
Caprousy, an upper Garment.
Carline, an old Woman.
Carp, to talk.
Carvell, a Kind of Ship.
Cast, a throw.
Cative or *Catiff*, Captive or Slave.
Cawd, called.
Cawf, Calf.
Cawk, Chalk.
Cawkit, did shyte.
Cauld, Cold.
Ceis, to cease.
Celcitude, Highness.
Celest, heavenly.
Chalmer, Chamber.
Chaip, escape.
Chafes, the Chops.
Chak, to check.
Chat, to hang on a Gallows.
Cheil, a Person.
Cheir, Sheer, *item*, chear.
Chenzie, Chain.
Chereis, cherish.
Clam Shells, Sealop Shells.
Clan, a Tribe.
Clashes, idle Tales.
Clash, to throw Dirt.
Claith, Cloath.
Clais, Cloaths.

Clatter, chatter.
Claw, to scratch.
Cleft, the Cleaving.
Clene, clean.
Clerk, generally used for a learned Man.
Clewis or *Cleuchs*, Clifts.
Cleikit, laid hold on.
Cleith, Cloath.
Cleuch, Hollow betwixt Hills.
Clipit, called.
Clips, Eclips.
Clokks, Beetles.
Clod, to throw.
Cluds, Clouds.
Cluke, to hook.
Clum or *claw*, climbed.
Cluves, Hoves.
Codroch, miserable and nasty.
Combure, to burn.
Cost, bought.
Con, the Squirrel.
Comich, comick.
Corbie, a Raven.
Corinoch a Highland Tune.
Cowborry, Cowherd.
Cowd, cut or clipped.
Courtas, courteous.
Couth, cold, *item* familiar.
Covetice, Covetousness.
Cowr, to stoop and creep slow.
Crabit, surly, angry.
Craig, the Neck, *item* a Rock.
Craif, crave.
Craw, the Crow.
Crap, did creep.
Craik, to croak.
Crawdon, faint hearted.
Creish, Grease.
Creils, Baskets.
Crouse, brisk and bold.
Cruif, a Lodge.

Cryne

Cryne, wither and grow less.
Crum, a little Bit.
Cule, Cool.
Cum, come.
Cunzie, Coyn.
Cun, Taste.
Cummerfom, troublesom.
Culroun, a Rascal.
Curches, Kerchiefs, or Head-
 Linnen.
Cuik, Cook.
Curpal, Crupper.
Custe, did cast, *item* vomit.
Cute, Ankle, Joint, *item* a
 Trifle.

D A

D A E, Do.
Dast, mad, foolish, *item*
 merry.
Dairthful, dear.
Dander, wander carelessly.
Dang, Defeat.
Danton, to quell.
Dapill, dapple.
Daw, Dawn, *item* a Sluggard.
Dawing, dawning.
Deave or *Deif*, to deafen.
Deid, dead, *it*. Death, *it*, deed.
Deil, deal, *item* Devil.
Dink, dyng, saucy, *item*, finely
 drest.
Denty, fine.
Deme, to deem.
Demyng, condemning or dam-
 ning.
Depart, to divide.
Depaynt, painted.
Deray, Noise, Sporting, Gam-
 bols.

Derch, a Dwarf.
Dern, Secret.
Derib, Dearth.
Desavit, deceived.
Det, Debt.
Devalling, descending hasti-
 ly.
Dew, due.
Dicht, to clean, *item* dressed,
 dect.
Ding, to beat or overcome.
Ding, worthy.
Dirtin, beshtitten.
Denzie, to deign.
Docht, could, availed.
Dochter, Daughter.
Dois, does.
Dok, Arse.
Donk, Moist.
Doss, neat, regular.
Up doss, Put in Order.
Dow, to be able.
Dow, Dove.
Dowbart, dull Fellow.
Dowchty, hardy, valiant.
Dowf, heavy Fool, *item* dull,
 melancholy.
Dour, sullen, hard.
Dous, solid, grave.
Draif, drave.
Drait or *Dret*, shit.
Draukit, wet.
Drie, to endure.
Dreich, tedious.
Dreiry, lonsome and mournful
Dring, a Miser.
Droich, a Dwarf.
Drone, to act lazily.
Droukit, drenched.
Droup, to droop.
Dryt, shite.
Dwam, Qualm.

Dubs

Dubs, Mire and little Pools.
 Duds, Rags.
 Duils, Goals.
 Dule, Pain.
 Dum, Dumb.
 Dume, Doom.
 Dunt, to beat hard.
 Dung, beaten.
 Duris, Doors.
 Dwalm, to swoon or take a
 Qualm.

Dyne, to dine.

Dynt, Stroak.

Dyvour, a Bankrupt.

E A

E Ard, Eird, or Erde,
 Earth.

Ee, Eye.

Edert, Edward.

Edderstangit, stung by an
 Adder.

Egil, the Eagle.

Eik to add, item also.

Eild, Age.

Eir, Ear, item E'er.

Eiryness, Fear of Spirits and
 Goblins.

Eise, Ease.

Eit, to eat.

Eith, easy.

Eme, Uncle.

Empashed, hindered.

Elbuck, Elbow.

Elritch, ghostly, wild, lone-
 some.

Enamilit, enameled.

Ene, Eyes.

Eneuch, enough.

Ensenzie, Ensign.

Ersch, Irish.

Ettle, to aim.

Esperance, Hope.

Eschapit, Escaped.

Everichone, every one.

Eydently, see Ithandly.

Eyndle, to be jealous.

Eynling, Jealousy.

F A

F A, fall.

Fae, Foe.

Falset, Falshood.

Faik, a Fold, to quit.

Fair, to go or pass.

Fairdy, clever and tight.

Falzic or Felzie, to fail.

Fand, found.

Fangs, Paws and Claws.

Fang, to grasp.

Fankle, to intangle.

Fash or Fasche, to trouble.

Fassoun, Fashion.

Faw, Fall.

Faws, gets.

Fauld or Fund, Fold.

Faut, Fault.

Fay, Faith.

Fazart, a Dastard.

Fecht, Fight.

Feckless, without Strength.

Fedder, a Father.

Fedderem, Wings.

Feid, Feud, Hatred.

Feidom, Fatality.

Feilty, Subjection.

Feil, Sense, item many.

Feir, Fear.

Feir, tight.

Feir

Feir or fere, Companion.
 Feit, hired.
 Fen, to live.
 Fenzie, to feign.
 Ferly, to wonder, a Wonder.
 Ferd, Fourth.
 Ferfs, Force.
 Fey, predestinated to Death,
 or some Misfortune.
 Feynd, Fiend, the Devil.
 Ficht, Fight.
 Fie or Fe, a Herd of Cattle.
 Firy fary, Hurry, Confusion.
 Fifch, Fish.
 Fitch, to move.
 Flendaris, Splinters.
 Flang, did fling.
 Flane, an Arrow.
 Flaught, a Blaze of Light-
 ning.
 Flaucoter-Spade, Spade for
 flaying Turf.
 Flaws, Lacs, Flaw, to lie.
 Fleisch, to flatter.
 Fleim or Fleme, to banish.
 Flet, did flyte or chide.
 Fley, to fright.
 Flit, to remove.
 Flichter, flutter like a Bird.
 Flocht, Flight, Fear, Anxiety.
 Flyte, Chide.
 Flure, Floor.
 Fog, Mofs.
 For fairn, abused.
 Forsochten, tired and faint
 with fighting.
 Forleit, to forsake.
 Fornent, opposite to.
 Forwayit, gave Way.
 Forworthin, worthless.
 Forlane, alone.
 Forlopin, Vagabond.

Forzet, to forget, item for-
 gotten.
 Foster, a Forrester, item Nurse.
 Fow, full, item drunk.
 Founmart, a Pole-cat.
 Fouth, Abundance.
 Frae, from.
 Fragil, weak, tender, frail.
 Frak, haft.
 Frawart, crows and ugly.
 Freiks, impertinent Fools.
 Freid, Freedom.
 Fremit, strange, not a Kin.
 Freprie, the ruffling or Folds
 of Cloath.
 Fricht, Fright.
 Fripon, a Knave.
 Frist, to Trust or give Credit.
 Frusch, easily broken.
 Fu, full.
 Fud, the Tail.
 Fude, Food.
 Fuff, to blow.
 Fule, Fool.
 Fund, found.
 Furder, to speed, item, fur-
 ther.
 Fure, wait on, item fared.
 Furthy, free in Behaviour.
 Fute, Foot.
 Futher, or fudder, a great
 many.
 Fyrefangt, burnt.
 Fylock, a young Mare.
 Fyle, defile.
 Fyke, to be restive.
 Fyne, fine.

G A

G A B, the Mouth.
Gad or *Ged*, Goad.
Gadder, gather.
Gae, go.
Gaif, gave.
Gains, serves.
Gair, greedy.
Gait, *Gate*, Way, Method,
item Goat.
Gaiflings, Gollings.
Galziart, brisk, jolly, wan-
 ton.
Gams, Gums.
Gan, began.
Gane, gone, *item* serve.
Gane, Mouth.
Gang, to go.
Gaunt, to yawn.
Gar, to make or oblige.
Gardevyance, a Case of In-
 struments.
Garth, a Garden or Inclo-
 sure.
Gaw, Gall.
Gawf, a Laugh.
Gawfy, large and fat.
Geck, Mock, or cast up the
 Head in Derision.
Gein, given.
Geir, Wealth.
Gemmer, gender.
Gent, gentle.
Genterice, honourable Birth.
Gentileness, Clemency.
Genzie, a Dart or Arrow.
Gersome, a certain Fine paid
 at the renewing of a Lease.

Get, a Child.
Ghaist, Ghost.
Gie, give.
Gif, gin, if.
Gild, Clamour.
Gilt, guiled.
Gimp, see *Fimpi*.
Gird, to strike.
Girn, to grin, *item* a Trap
 or Snare.
Girth, a Sanctuary.
Glamour, the Sight deceived.
Glaik, to pass Time idly.
Glar, Myre.
Glave, a Sword.
Gle or *Glie*, Mirth.
Gled, a Kite.
Gleim, small Flame.
Gleid, Small Spunk of Fire.
Glen, a Hollow between
 Mountains.
Glengore or *Grandgore*, the
 French Pox.
Glöre, Glory.
Glunchoch, four Fellow.
Gloun, to knit the Eye-brows
Glour, to stare.
Gluves, Gloves.
Goldspink, the Goldfinch.
Golk or *Gowk*, the Cuckow:
Glist to Glisten.
Gowden, Golden.
Gowkit, foolish.
Grape, to grope.
Graif, the Grave, *item* grave:
Grain, *grane*, groan.
Grangis, Corn Fields, Barns
 and Grannaries.
Graith, to make ready, *item*
 Utensils, necessary Things.
Graitbed, attyred, made ready.
 Grat

Grat, did weep.
Grein, to long for earnestly.
Greit, weep, *item* great.
Grene, green.
Grei, Degree.
Gres or *Gers*, Grass.
Grit or *greit*, great.
Grots, Oats half ground.
Growfs, to ly flat on ones
 Belly.
Grund, Ground.
Grundin, sharpened.
Gruntil, a Sow.
Grunzie, Snout or Nose.
Gryce, a Pig.
Gwairdown, Protection.
Gniks, expects Time foolishly
 and Delays.
Gude or *guid*, good.
Gudes, Riches.
Guims, Gums.
Gule, reddish Yellow.
Gule Snout, red. Nos'd.
Gul-schoch, the Jaundice.
Gurlie, surlie.
Gyant, Giant.
Gyde, Guide.
Gydar, Guider.
Gymmer, court and enjoy.
Gymp, neat, pretty.
Gyse or *Gyis*, Guile.

H A

H *A*, Hall.
Habitiklis, Tabernacles.
Hae, have.
Haggies, a kind of Pudding.
Hailsum, wholesome.
Haif, have.
Hairns or *Harnis*, Brains.
Hair or *hairy*, hoary gray.

Hald, Hold.
Haly, Holy.
Hals, to salute.
Hame, Home.
Handsell, the first Money that
 a Merchant gets.
Hankit, held with Ropes.
Hap, hop, *item* Chance.
Harle, to drag.
Harnist, harnished.
Harns, see *Hairns*.
Harfe or *Hairs*, hoarse.
Having, Behaviour.
Hawkit, white faced.
Hawtane, haughty.
Heal, *Heil*, Health.
Hecht, to promise, a Pro-
 mise.
Hecht, named.
Heich, high.
Heilit or *heilied*, upheld.
Heir, here, *item* hear.
Heisit, lifted up, hoisted.
Herbry, Harbour.
Heryit, spoiled, impoverished.
Hether, Heath.
Hevin, Heaven.
Heuch, a Rock, a steep Hill.
Hew, Hue.
Heynd, quick, clever.
Hie, high.
Hicht, Height.
Hieber, higher.
Hiddlings, hiding Places.
Hint, snatched.
Hinny, Honey.
Hir, her.
Hird, who watches the Flocks
 or Cattle.
Hirpland, going like one lame.
Hitch, to move.

Ho, the Singular of *Hose*.

Hobled, cobbled.

Hoist, Cough.

Holk, to dig.

Holkit, made hollow.

Holtis, Hills, high Ground.

How, hollow.

Howis

Howdrand, hiding.

Howk, to dig.

Howlat, an Owl.

Howp, hope.

Hude, Hood.

Hud-pyk, a Churl.

Huly, slow.

Hure, Whore.

Hurcheon, Hedge hog.

Hurkles, goes bowed and decrepid.

Hynd, straight.

Hyd, to hide.

Hynt, to take.

J A

J *Anglers*, Contenders.
Jaip, to jest or cheat,
item, to heave and set.

Jap, a Dash of Water.

Jely, joly.

Jimp, neat.

Jeil or *Geil*, (Saint) the Patron Saint of Edinburgh.

Jouk, to bow.

Jyb, to mock.

Ilk, each.

Ilka, every.

Insek, Insect.

Inlaik, to come short.

Ilfard, illfavoured.

Inding, unworthy.

Ingle, a Fire.

Inglis, English.

Itbandly, busily, without Interruption.

K A

K *A*, to drive.

Kahute, a little House.

Kau, Colewort or Cabage,
item Broth.

Kaip or *Kap*, Cap or Top.

Kaves, Calves.

Keist, did cast.

Kemd, combed.

Ken, to know.

Kene, kene.

Kend, knew.

Kensy, a Rustick.

Kep, to catch what moves toward one.

Kepar, such a Catcher.

Kimrick, Kingdom.

Kimmer, a Comer or the Gossip.

Kinnen, Rabits.

Kiltit, tucked up.

Kirn, Churne.

Kirtle Petycoat.

Kist, Chest.

Kittle, difficult, item ticklish.

Kinsch, a Loop, to count his

Kinsch, to hit his Part.

Knaif, Knave.

Knapska, Knapsack.

Knaw, know.

Knicht, Knight.

Know, Hillock.

Kowschot or *Cowschot*, the Ring-Dove.

Kuke, Cook.

Ky, Kine.

Kyte, Belly.

Kyth, to shew.

L A.

L Aggerit, bemired.
Laich, low.
Lald, Load.
Laif or **lave**, the rest.
Lair, Learning, *item* a Place to ly in.
Laik, to want.
Lains, themselves.
Laip, to lap as a Dog.
Laisure, Leafure.
Laist, laced.
Laith, loath.
Laithly, Lothsome.
Laits, Manners.
Landwart, the Country.
Lane, Loan.
Langour, Wearyness.
Lans, a Lance.
Lans, to dart.
Lap, did leap.
Labour, wooden.
Lathand, feeble, weak and faded.
Law, low.
Lawtir, Honesty, Justice.
Lawland, Lowland.
Leil or **leal**, honest.
Leisches, Lashes.
Leich, Leech or Dr.
Laid, a Person, *item* Language.
Leif, Leave, *item*, to live.
Leim or **Leam**, Flame.
Leil, honest, lawful.
Leis, Loves, *lets me*, it pleases me.
Leifings, Lies.
Leist, least.

Leir, to learn.
Lemman, Courtezan or Concubine.
Lends, Buttocks.
Lesum, lawful.
Lench, did laugh.
Lever, rather.
Leur rather.
Liar or **Lyart**, hoary.
Licht, Light, *item* merry.
Licharie, Lechery.
Lichtly, undervalue.
Lickmadowps, servile Flatterers, that salutelike Dogs.
Lidder, slow, lazy.
Lie, Corn Lauds untiled for some Years.
Lie or **le**, calm.
Lift, the Sky.
Ligg, to ly.
Limm, Limb.
Limmer, Thief and Whore.
Limp, to halt.
Lin, a Precipice where Water falls.
Linkit, went hastily.
Lippen, depend.
Lipper, leaperous.
Lisk, the Groin or Flank.
Loan, where the Cows are milked.
Lokar, curled.
Loppin, did leap.
Lore, Learning.
Low, Flame.
Lown, a Whore or Rogue.
Lounger, hanging-headed.
Loun, calm.
Lowp, to leap.
Lowpar, Leaper.
Lout, to bow low.
Lows, loose.

Lude, loved.
Luse, Love, item the Palm of the Hand.
Luf-ray, Gifts.
Luggs, Ears.
Luggit, to draw by the Ears.
Luid, loved.
Luims, Looms.
Luvvar, Lover.
Luk or *Luck*, Fortune.
Luke or *Luik*, Look.
Lukit or *lucken* closed together.
Lum, Chimney.
Lundge, to hang downward.
Lunzie, Loyne.
Lute, did let.
Lurdane, a Blockhead, or lazy Fellow.
Luschbald, a Sluggard.
Lyse, Life.
Lyke, Like.
Lyking, beloved.
Lymmer, a Whore and Knave.
Lyre, the Complexion.
Lyth, a Joynt.
Lytit, dyed, litted.

M A.

M *AE*, moe.
Maboun, the Devil.
Maaid, made.
Mak, make.
Makkars, Poets.
Malefon, Malediction.
Maik, Mate or Match.
Mailpayers, Farmers.
Main or *mane*, to moan.
Maist, most.
Mair, more.
Man, must.

Mait, Mate.
Mandrag, Mandrake.
Mangit, bruised, maimed.
Mankit, wanting.
Mant, to stammer.
Mantil, Mantle.
Marrow, Fellow or Mate.
Mauchs, Magots.
Maun, must.
Mavis, a Thrush.
Mekle or *meikle*, much.
Mell, to meddle or contend.
Mellifluat, sweet flowing.
Meltesh, a Male of Meat.
Meid or *Mede*, Mood, item a Reward.
Meil, Meal.
Mein or *mene*, mean.
Meis, to still, or mitigate.
Meikhs, Bounds, Limits or Marks.
Mendis, amends.
Menzie, Company or Retinue.
Mensweir, swear against.
Mensworn, perjured.
Merkaud, marking.
Merle, the Merlin, a Bird.
Messen, a Lap-Dog.
Mese, to measure.
Micht, might.
Midding, Dunghill.
Milane, alone.
Minglit, mingled.
Mint, to attempt, to aim.
Minnny, Mother.
Minstrell, Musician.
Mirk or *merk*, dark.
Misken, to Misknow, item for bear.
Mismade, deformed.
Mister, to need.

Mok,

Mok, to mock.
Mold, the Ground.
Mony, many.
Morther, Murder.
Mot, may.
Mou, Mouth.
Moud, mouthed.
Mows, Jest.
Muck, Dung.
Mude, Mood.
Mune, Moon.
Muir or **Mure**, a Heath.
Mumting, muttering.
Murderiest, murdered.
Murgeon, to make Signs or imitate.
Muve or **muſe**, move.
Myce or **Myſs**, Mice.
Mynd, Mind.
Myne, mine.
Mynt, to offer or attempt.
Mynzion, Mignon.
Myting, a Mite.

N A.

N *A, nae*, no.
Nains, *nanes*, the Purple.
Naiting, nothing.
Nane, none.
Neir, near.
Neir, never.
Neis, the Nose.
Neiſt, next.
Neiſ or **Nieve**, Fiſt.
Nek, a Term at Cheſs, when the King cannot be guarded from a Check.
Nevell, a Stroak with the Fiſt.
Nicht, Night.

Niggarts, Niggards.
Nocht, nought, frequently for not.
Noit, Stroak on the Head.
Nold, would not.
None, or **Nune**, Noone.
Noy, annoy.
Noyis, Noiſe.
Nowther, neither.
Nuik or **Nuke**, Nook, Corner.
Nuriſar, nurſhing.
Nurture, Education, item Correction.
Nybill, to pike.
Nys, Nice.

O B

O *Blifit*, obliged.
Ocht, ought or aught.
Odiuill, hateful.
Ockerar, an Uſerer.
Oiſt, Hoſt.
Ouy, any.
Opinzion, Opinion.
Or, before.
Orifons, Prayers.
Ot, of it.
Otre, over.
Owrefrett, overſpread, inbeliſhed.
Owrequibelm, overwhelm, &c. all the other *owres*.
Owk, Week.
Owther, either.
Owſen, Oxen.
Oxter, Arm-pit.
Oys, Grandchildren.

P A

P Addock, a Frog.
Paddock-rude, Spawn of Frogs.

Padxian, Pageant.

Paiks, Chastisement.

Pais, Pasch or Ester.

Paitlait, an Under-coat.

Paip, the Pope.

Pallions, Pavilions.

Palat, Skin.

Pang, to stuff.

Panse, pause.

Pare, to empair.

Pauchty, haughty.

Pawps, Paps or Breasts.

Payntit, painted.

Pech, to breath short.

Peild, stript.

Peir, an equal.

Peis, Peas.

Pelour, a Pilgarlick.

Pennair, a Pen-Case.

Pens, Plumes.

Perfay, in Faith.

Perse, pierce.

Perseve, perceive.

Perfew, pursue.

Pet, a Favourite, to take the

Pet, to be peevish.

Pingle, to strive or labour with Difficulty.

Pik Pitch.

Pisch, to piss.

Pith, Strength.

Plaid, a loose upper Garment.

Plait, fold.

Plaint, Complaint.

Plack, third of a Peny.

Ploids, Contentions.

Plein, complain.

Plenzie, complain.

Pleis, please.

Plesans, Pleasure.

Plet, to twist, twisted.

Pleuch, Plow.

Pley, Contest or Squable.

Plight, plighted.

Polk, Poke, or little Sack:

Posody, a Sort of Higbland Broth.

Pow, to pull.

Pow, Poll or Head.

Poutch, Pocket.

Powter, to prog.

Pratick, Practice.

Preif or *preive*, prove, try, or Taste.

Preincod, Pincusheon.

Preiving, trying.

Preise, press.

Prent, Print or Impression.

Prevene, to prevent.

Propyne, a Present.

Prydless, humble.

Prysis, Prizes.

Puncis, Pulses.

Punde, to sequester.

Pulchritude, Beauty.

Pure or *puir*, poor, item pure.

Puirtith, Poverty.

Purflit, ruffled.

Purse-pyk, Pick-purse.

Pufiance, Power.

Pynè, Pain.

Q U.

Q Uantance, Acquaintance
Quat, did quite or quit.

Quay, young Cow.

Quaver,

Quaver, Quiver.
Queene, Queen.
Quell, to kill.
Quba, who.
Qubail, Whale.
Qubair, whose.
Qubair, where.
Qubat, what.
Qubat-reck, what the Matter.
Qubelp, a Whelp.
Qubeils, Wheels.
Qubeit, Wheat.
Quben, when.
Qubenc, a Part.
Qubilk, which.
Qubidder, whither.
Qubip, Whip.
Qubittle a Knife.
Qubittly, pale and thin.
Qubirl, whirl.
Qubois, whose.
Qubom, whom.
Qutylsome, sometime ago.
Quby, why.
Qubyle, while, *item* until.
Qubyte White.
Quod, quoth, said.

R A.

R A E, Roc.
Rad or *Red*, feared.
Rackless or *reckless*, to act
carelessly or rash.
Raif, rave, did rive.
Raing, a Circle.
Raik, to go a quick Pace.
Raip, a Rope.
Rair, to roar.
Rait, Rate.
Rang, Rung.
Rangald, a foolish Scold.

Rak, Fog or Mist.
Ramand, crying.
Rasch, Rash.
Ratches, Hounds.
Raw, Row.
Rawmond, beardless, simple.
Raucht, reacht.
Rax, Stretch.
Rebald, a Talker of Non-
sense or Rebaldry.
Red or *reid*, to wish, *item*
Fear.
Redour, Fright.
Rebatour, a malicious Ene-
my.
Raid, Red, *item* to read.
Reik, Smoak, *item* to reach.
Reikit, rigged, *item* smoked.
Reird, Noise.
Reist, to dry in a Chimney.
Reive or *reve*, to rob.
Rever, a Rober.
Renzie, the Rein of a
Bridle.
Reprieve, reprove.
Resave, receive.
Resone or *Resoun*, Reason.
Revers, Robbers.
Revers, the Rovers at which
the Archers shoot.
Rewth. Pity.
Rewme Realm.
Rewyne, Ruin.
Rew, to take Pity, *item* to
repent.
Richt, Right.
Richt now, lately.
Rift, to belch.
Rigg, the Back, *item* a Ridge.
Rilling, a Shoe made of
rough raw untan'd Leather.

Rink,

Rink, a Course.
Ring, to reign.
Risps, Bulrushes.
Roches, Rocks.
Roir, to roar.
Rok, a Distaff, *item* to roll
 or move from one Side to
 the other.
Rone, Bramble or Briar.
Row, a Roll to roll.
Rrowth, Abundance.
Rowpand, crying-hoarse.
Rowms, Rooms.
Rowmis to make a Noise.
Roun, Whisper.
Round or *Rung*, a Clown's
 Staff.
Rewt, to bellow or low like
 a Bull.
Royis, raves.
Ruch, rough.
Rude, Redness.
Rude, a Cross.
Rug, to pull with Force.
Rukes, Crows.
Rukis, Ricks.
Rundge, to range and gather.
Rumple, a Rump.
Rute, Root.
Ruse or *ruise*, to commend,
 praise, extoll.
Ruther, the Rudder.
Ryall, Royall.
Ryse or *Rise*, common.
Rynk, Rank.
Rys or *Ryce*, Dwarf Bushes
 of Wood.
Ryse, rise.
Ryze, to tear and spleet.

S A

S *A*, *sae*, fo.
Sast, soft.
Saif, save.
Saikless, innocent.
Sain or *sane*, to bless.
Sair, fore.
Sane, say.
Sall, shall.
Sald, sold.
Sang, Song.
Sans, without.
Sav, Savour.
Sargeant, Sergeant.
Sark, Shirt.
Sary, Sorry.
Saw, old Saying or Prophecy.
Saw, Word or Promise.
Sauch, a Willow.
Saucht, at Ease, in Peace.
Saul, Soul.
Sauld, see *Sald*.
Savours, Savours, Smells.

N. B. the *c* here between the
s and *h*, tho' it is never
 used now, yet it was sel-
 dom neglected by our old
 Gentlemen; therefore any
 hard Word that begins
 with only *sh*, look for it
 in *sch*.

Scant, scarce.
Schait, to fit.
Schairp, sharp.
Schaw, shew.
Schaws, little Woods.
Sched, separate.

Scheit,

Scheil, Shepherd's Coat.
Schene, shining.
Schent, troubled, confounded,
 spoiled, ruined.
Scheip, Sheep.
Scheild, unhuked, item a
 Sheild.
Schilling, Meal before it is
 sifted.
Schit, a blasted little Crea-
 ture.
Schogled, dangled.
Schoil, she will, or she'll.
Schog, to shake.
Scho, she.
Schore, to threat.
Schot, Shot.
Schir, Sir.
Schreewis, Shrews.
Schuke, shook.
Schuder, to Shiver.
Schune, Shoes.
Schule, School.
Schupe, made ready, intended.
Schure, did sheer.
Schimp, scant.
Scoul, to look grim, by letting
 fall the Brows.
Seil, Seal.
Seil, Happiness, Prosperity.
Seimly, comely.
Seir or *Sere*, several.
Sell, self.
Seindle seldom.
Sen, since.
Sene, seen.
Sens, Sense.
Sensyne, since that Time.
Senzie, Signority.
Senzior, Senior.
Sesoun, Season.
Serve or *Sers*, to deserve.

T

Sets, becomes.
Seuch, a Furrow or Ditch.
Sey, to try.
Scaldit, burnt.
Scari, Hermaphrodite.
Scowrie or *Skowrie*, meagre.
Scunder, a Qualm, to loathe.
Sib, a Kin.
Sic or *sik*, such.
Sich, sigh.
Sicht, Sight.
Sicker, sure.
Siller, Silver.
Sindle, seldom.
Single, a Handful of gleaned
 Corns.
Skail, to scatter.
Skairs or *Skers*, scarce.
Skaith, Loss, Harm.
Skapit, escaped.
Scant, scarce.
Skap, Scalp.
Skar, Scar.
Skelf, Shelf.
Sklander, Scandal.
Sklander, Slender.
Skilent, to go aside, to lie.
Skonce to cover, a Cover.
Skoldirt, parched.
Skorn, Scorn.
Skeich, Skittish.
Skoul, hang or knit the Brows.
Skink, to fill Drink, item
 strong Broth.
Skirl, to cry.
Skrows, Scrolls.
Skrudding or *Skurging*, Scour-
 ging.
Skruse, Scruf.
Skraip, Scrape.
Skryk, to screech.

Skugry

- Skugry*, in Hidlings.
Skulls, Hand Baskets.
Skum, Scim.
Skyth, Loss, Hurt.
Sla, Slay.
Slae, Sloc.
Slaif, Slave.
Slaif, did ill or cut.
Slak, an opening between Hills.
Slaw, slow.
Seik, smooth.
Slenth, cunning.
Slicht, Slight.
Slie, Slouth.
Slokin, to quench.
Slogan or *Slugborn*, a Watchword, peculiar to a certain Name or Set of People, used to know their Friends from Enemies.
Slouch, a Husk.
Smaik, a silly pitiful Fellow.
Smeir, besmear.
Smidy, Smith's Work-house.
Smit, to infect.
Smot, a Spot, as of Grease on Cloaths.
Smorit, smothered.
Smuke, Smoak.
Smy, a small Spot.
Smyle, to smile.
Snack, clever.
Sneist, to speak tartly.
Sneir, to snore.
Snell, sharp.
Snift, to shew Displeasure by disdainful Looks.
Snude, a Womans Headband for binling back the Hair.
Soir, Sore.
Solace, Recreation.
Solist, to sollicit.
Sonce or *sonfs*, Luck, Happiness.
- Sonk*, a Wreath of Straw used as a Cushion, or a Load Saddle.
Sonziet, made Excuse.
Sernand, to go about begging.
Sould, should.
Soverane, Sovereign.
Soup, sweep.
Sound, smooth.
Spae, to prophesy.
Spanc, wane from Suck.
Spate or *Spait*, Land Flood or Torrent.
Spang, to leap.
Sparie, Stiffness in the Hams, a Horse Disease.
Spaul, *Spald*, the Shoulder.
Speik, to speak.
Speil, to climb.
Speir, to ask, item a Spear.
Spence, the Buttery.
Spensie, Spain.
Spill, to spoil.
Spirling, a very small Fish.
Sound, smooth.
Spowt, a Gush.
Spray, Sprigs, Bushes.
Spring, a Tune.
Spulzie, Spoil, item to spoil.
Sprent, a Spring, to spring as a Clock.
Spul, a Weaver's Shuttle.
Squeil, Squeek.
Spunk, a Spark of Fire.
Spynand, Spinning.
Stane, Stone.
S'ang, Sting.
Stakis, Piles of Corn.
Stall, stole.
Stallwart, Robust.
Starkar, Stagger.
Stark, strong.

Stay,

Stay, Streight, Steep.
 Staw, stole.
 Steik, to shut.
 Steir, stir.
 Stend, long Stryde.
 Stern, Star.
 Stetin, the Voice.
 Sting or Stang, a Pol.
 Stirk, a big Bull-Calf.
 Stot, Bullock, *item* a Note it
 Musick.
 Stour, Dust in Motion.
 Stour, Throng of Battle.
 Stoup Prop or Pillar.
 Stoun, stolen.
 Staig, young Horse.
 Strang, strong.
 Straz, Straw.
 Strak, did strike.
 Strinkil, to sprinkle.
 Strynd, strain, *item* Kindred.
 Stalwart, large and strong.
 Stalkers, sturdy Beggars.
 Stude, stood.
 Study, Smith's Anvil.
 Sturdy, stout and strong.
 Sturt, Vexation.
 Styms, Small Sight.
 Stypand, Benefice.
 Stynt, to stay or hold.
 Sua, so.
 Sukkar, Sugar.
 Suith or Suth, Truth.
 Suld, should.
 Suve, some, soon.
 Swapit, featured.
 Swats, Small-bear or Dreg.
 Swankies, cliver young Fel-
 lows.
 Sum, some.
 Sulzie, to soil, *item* Soil,
 Land.
 Supane, suppose.

Sute, Soot.
 Suth, Truth.
 Swaird, the Grasy Surface of
 the Ground.
 Swat, did sweat.
 Swankie, souple Youngster.
 Sweir, lazy, *item*, to swear.
 Sweirness, Laisness.
 Swith, Haft, hastylic.
 Swim, Swim.
 Swoun, Faint.
 Swyngeor, a tall Wencher,
 item, a Scoundrel.
 Swyth, or swith, soon.
 Syis, Times.
 Syke, a Water Ditch.
 Symmer, Summer.
 Syne, afterward, then.
 Syre, Sire, Father.
 Syte, Sorrow.

T A.

T AE, Toe.
 Tais, Toes.
 Tacht, Taught.
 Tallon, to Tallow or Grease.
 Tald or Tauld, told.
 Taid, Toad.
 Talzior, Taylor.
 Targats, Clasps or Buckles.
 Targe, a Shield.
 Tarrow, to refuse.
 Tauch, Tallow.
 Tawsy, little Cup.
 Taz, a Scourge or little Whip.
 Tedder, a Rope or Band for
 Horses.
 Telzie, a Cut of Beef.
 Tene, Anger.
 Tent, to notice.
 Teugh, tugh.
 Teynd, Anger.

Thae, those.
Thair, their, there.
Thairin, within.
Thairout, without.
Thay, those.
Thie, Thigh.
Thir, those.
Thocht, thought, tho't.
Thole, to suffer.
Thrawart, or *trawart*, cross.
Thrawis, Throws;
Thrawn, cists, *Thrawn vult*,
 ill natured Countenance.
Threse, in Corn, twenty four
 Sheaves; applied to other
 Things it means a great
 deal.
Thring, to wring, or Throng.
Throple, the Wind Pipe.
Thyne, thine, *item* thence.
Thud, The Noise rather
 stronger than sharp that
 Things make that come
 on other with Force and
 Quickness.
Ticht, handsome, tight.
Tig, to sport with gentle
 Touches, pating and the
 like.
Tinsell, Lose.
Tint, Lost.
Tirl, to give a small sharp
 Stroke, *item* to uncover.
Tirly-mirly, a Whirlygig.
Tittar, rather.
Tod, a Fox.
Toder, the other.
Toits or *toyts*, Frecks.
Tolbuith, a Prison.
Towdy, the Arse.
Towris, Towers.
Towmond, Twelve Months.

Trantals, Nig-nays.
Trattles, silly Tales.
Traikitt, dragled.
Trayn, Train or Lead.
Treachour or *treichour*, treach-
 erous.
Trete or *treit*, treat.
Treetie, intreating.
Trew, true.
Trig, neat.
Trow, believe.
Truncheon, Head or Piece of
 a Spear.
Trumpours, Deceivers.
Tryme, handsome.
Trymbill, Tremble.
Tryst, an Appointment.
Tung, Tongue.
Tuke, took.
Tume, empty, *item*, to empty.
Tway or *twae*, two.
Twich, Touch.
Twyne, to twine.
Tyde, Tide.
Tyke, a Dog.
Tymmer, Timber.
Tyne, or *tine*, Loss.
Tyne, *tein* or *tene*, Anger.
Tynt, lost.
Tyte, streight, soon, quickly.

W A.

W A, Wall.
Wad or *Wed*, Wager.
Wae, Woe.
Waesu, woeful.
Wag, Shake.
Waif, lonely, alone.
Waif, Wave.
Wair or *ware*, to bestow.

Waik

Waik, weak, *item* wait.

Waith, wandred or strayed.

Wakryse, little enclined to sleeping

Wale, the Choice; to choise.

Wald, would.

Walop, to Galop.

Wallowit, withered.

Waly, large.

Wallygowdy, great Jewell.

Walydraig, a pityful Creature, or the most worthless of a Number.

Wame, Womb.

Wan, pale, *item* went.

Wansuckit, ill nursed.

Wanworth, worthless.

Wane or *wain*, House.

Wanflers, Venus Gamesters.

Wanruse, uneasy.

Warden, Guardian.

Warison, Reward.

Wark, Work.

Warlo, a Wretch.

Warie, to fret.

Wate or *wit*, to know.

Waw, a Wall, a Wave.

Wedset, to Mortgage.

Weil, well.

Weind, supposed.

Weir, War.

Weird, Fortune.

Weit, Rain, *item* to wet.

Wene or *wein*, to think or suppose.

Wend, go away.

Weirly, cautiously.

Wypit, wiped or weped.

Wicht, clever.

Wicht, Wight, a Person.

Wicker, Willow.

Wid, mad.

Widdert, withered.

Widdy or *Wody*, the Gallows.

Wie, little.

Widdyfow, Gallows fac'd.

Widdill, an uneasy restless Motion.

Will, wild.

Willsom, wild. (ward.

Wimple, to fold back and tore.

Winning, Dwelling.

Winnocks, Windows.

Wirdy, or *wordy*, worthy.

Wirk, to work.

Wirry, to worry.

Wist, to know.

Wod, a Wood.

Won, to dwell.

Wond, dwell.

Wont, thought or supposed.

Wouit, courted.

Wrak, Wreck.

Wowf, Wolf.

Wow, a Note of Wonder.

Wraik, to vex.

Wraith, the Waste.

Wrait, wrote.

Wrang, wrong.

Wrocht, wrought.

Wympler, a Curle or Wave.

Wylie, cunning.

Wyfe, Wife.

Wyfis, Wives.

Wyt, to blame, the Cause or Blame.

Wys, wife.

Wyss, a Handful of Straw, or the like.

Valxiant, valiant.

Vanise, vanish.

Udder, other.

Velziet, availed.

Venomit, Envenomed.
Vertew, Virtue.
Ug, to loath.
Ugsome, loathsome.
VVsy, take a View of.
Uite, Oyl.
Undocht, one that can do nothing.
Unfulziet, undefiled.
Ungeird, unarmed.
Unquit, uncleared or unpaid.
Unficker, unsure.
Unxcon, Union.
Vyce, Vice.
Vyle, vile.

Y

Y CE, Ice.
 Idle, idle.
Tie, Isle.
Ind, India:
Tre, Ire.
Treland, Ireland.
Tron, Iron.

Z A.

Z AIP or zap, sharp set, hungry.

N. B. Some old Scots Words not explained in this Glossary, through Inadverency in collecting and ranging of them, and some few, for which we can plead a better Excuse, shall be annexed, with such in the third Volume as are not explained in this, which Volume is to be published in a short Time, consisting chiefly of Satyres and Interludes, wrote by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Lyon King at Arms, and acted on the Play Green between Leith and Edinburgh, with several other Pieces never before printed.

Zamey, to make a Grumblin^g like a Child.
Ze, ye, item yea.
Zell, ye'll.
Zellow, Yellow.
Zeid, went.
Zeil, ye will.
Zeild, yield.
Zeir, Year.
Zelp, yelp, cry like a Dog.
Zemen, Yeamen.
Zestrene, Yesternight.
Zei, Yet or Gate.
Zing, young.
Zit or *Zet*, yet.
Zisterday, Yesterday.
Zolden, holden.
Zoke, Yoak.
Zonkers, Youngsters.
Zon, yon.
Zoul, howl.
Zouth, Youth.
Zouthheid, Youth-head.
Zule, Chrirtmas.
Zung, young.
Zyrne, to carn or crudle as new Cheese.



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